

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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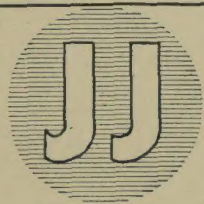


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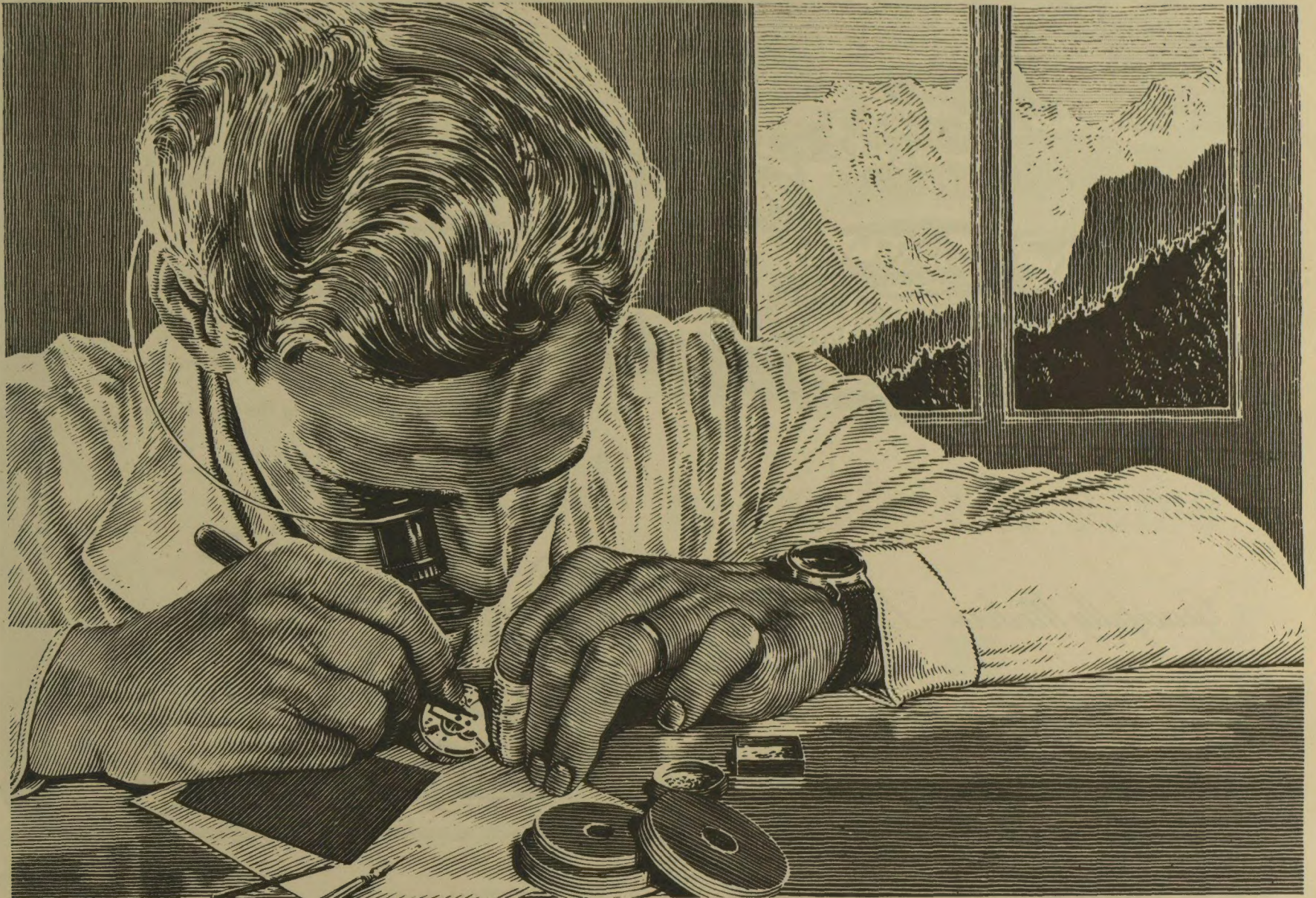
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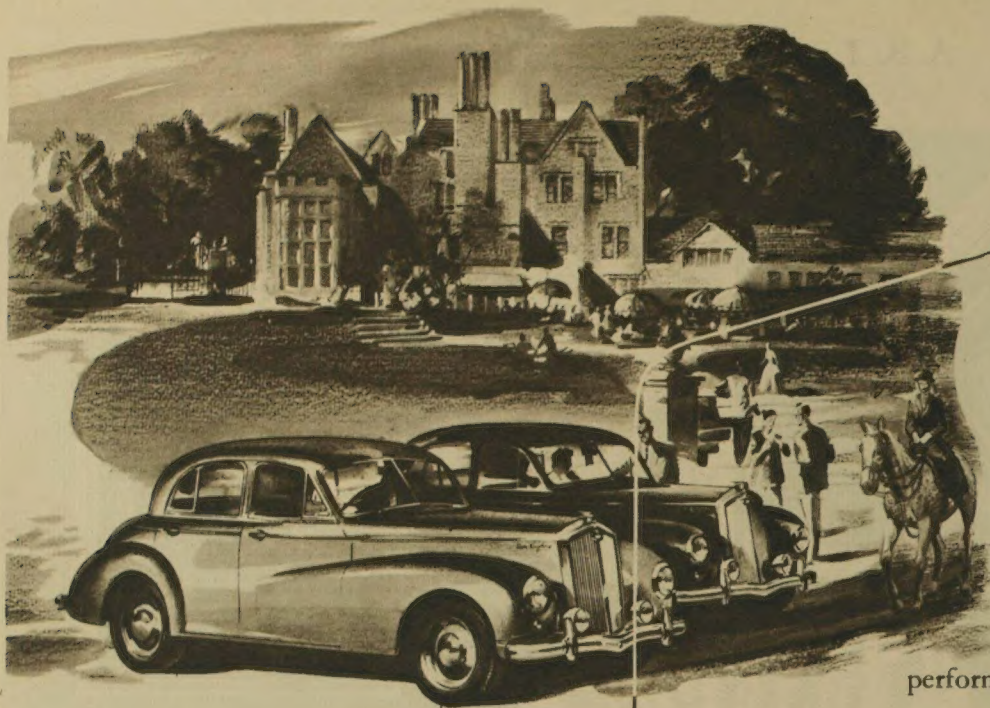
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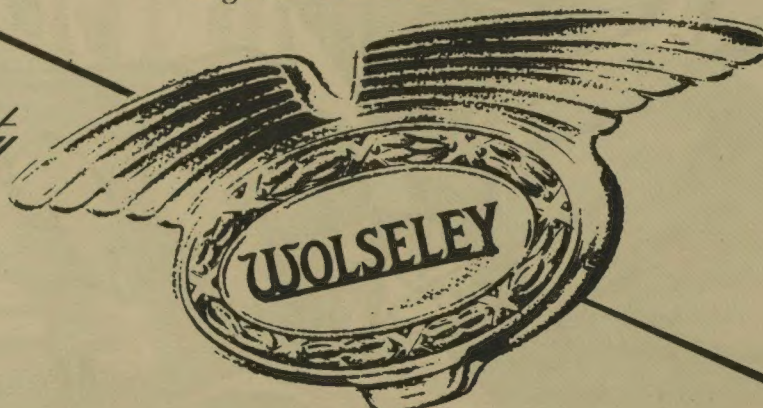
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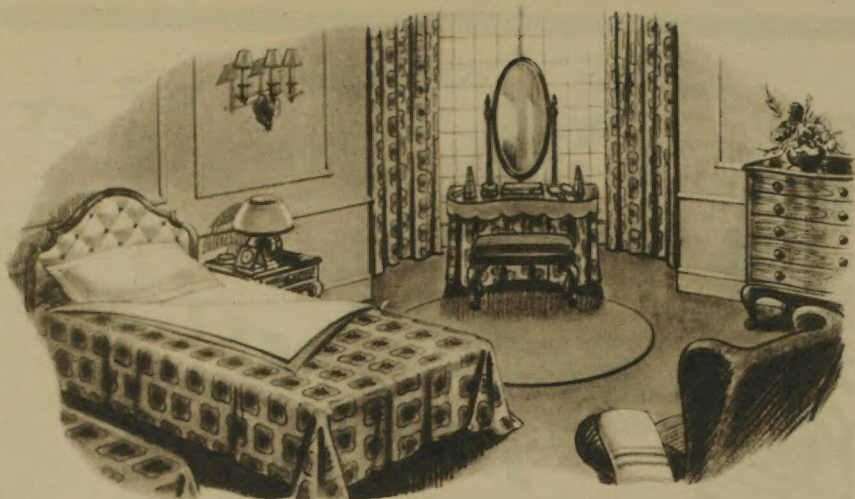
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# CHANEL



# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1951



**PUTTING THE CLOCK BACK IN PARIS: A BALLOON ASCENT OF 1783 RE-ENACTED IN THE BIMILLENARY CELEBRATIONS.**

The first balloon ascent in Paris was re-enacted on June 30 as part of the city's bimillenary celebrations when a paper "Montgolfière," a replica of the first balloon to be sent up with human passengers, was released from the Ranelagh gardens. The replica was filled with hydrogen and was decorated with the French Royal colours and blue and yellow stripes. M. Charles Dolfus,

the French balloonist, and his son impersonated Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who made the original ascent from the Parc de la Muette in 1783 in a "Montgolfière" filled with hot air. M. de Montgolfier, a descendant of the manufacturer of the original balloon, was present and actors in period dress represented the French Royal family and contemporary spectators.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OUR Edwardian parents and Victorian grandparents, who lived in a kindly, trustful and well-cushioned age, were much given to poems and songs extolling the peace and beauty of Persian gardens. It is symptomatic of the difference between their world and ours that a modern variation of their favourite drawing-room ballad, if it was to seem at all appropriate to-day, would have to be renamed "In a Persian Bear-garden"! For that is the only kind of garden suggested to a long-suffering English taxpayer by the undignified and humiliating scenes lately enacted in Abadan and Teheran.

There are many implications that arise from this. One is that our immediate ancestors, because they lived in a more realistic world, found it easier to be unrealistic in their pleasures, while we, having for some time behaved in an unrealistic way, are now left with few pleasurable illusions as to the nature of the world we inhabit. It is not a kindly one. It is one—and it always has been—in which even the inhabitants of small, effete and corrupt oriental States are inclined to throw stones at those who do not take the trouble to defend themselves. For years we have poured British money—that is, the effort, labour and sacrifice of British subjects of all classes—into Persia, and simultaneously preached a lofty doctrine, stigmatising such expenditure and its accompaniments in the most sweeping terms, and such action as gross capitalist imperialism. A more paradoxical and nonsensical course—of rowing one way and shouting the other—it would be hard to conceive. And, as though to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of such folly, we have heedlessly divested ourselves of the only means we had of protecting the capital we had so invested. What should we say of a man with family responsibilities who acted in such a way? And what are we to think of a nation and its rulers when it does so, and when that nation happens to be our own?

The truth, of course, is that our position in Persia, and our interests there, depended in the past, both in the first and last resort, on the combination of our global sea power and our control of the superbly-trained, disciplined and valiant Indian Army. Without them it would have been about as safe and wise to deposit there any vital part of our national assets as it would have been to have reposed them in the middle of Siberia. Yet our reliance on that unique combination—the sheet anchor of human peace and of British and international mercantile interests in nearly half the world for more than a century—had become so automatic that we had come to take it completely for granted, and had ceased to realise that it was the foundation on which nearly everything we valued in the world rested. When after the war we laid up the bulk of our Fleet and allowed the Indian Army we had created to pass out of our control and to become involved in a degrading and destructive inter-Indian civil war, we may have been acting out of high humanitarian ideals, but we should at least have realised their implications and acted on such realisation. We should have taken prompt steps, while there was still time, to withdraw with as much dignity and good order as possible the British interests we had left in vulnerable overseas positions without the means to defend them. And if it was argued that these interests were of such a vital character that we could not afford to withdraw them at all, those who advanced such arguments and were responsible for the vital interests of Britain, had no right under such circumstances to give a rein to their idealistic and humanitarian beliefs at the expense of the people for whom they had assumed responsibility. For they were not entitled to have it both ways.

It is true, of course, that technical advances in the science of warfare and of transport have to some extent modified our former dependence on the Indian Army and the Royal Navy for preserving peace and commercial law round the shores of the mighty Indian Ocean. Airborne power contributed to saving our vital interests in Irak and Iran—and at that moment they were desperately vital—in the early summer of 1941. It may still contribute to retrieving something of them in the sorry position in which we find ourselves in the summer of 1951. But air-power is dependent on a large and adequately equipped Air Force, and though we unquestionably had one six years ago—the finest in the world—can it be said that it is large

and adequately equipped to-day? It also depends on conveniently situated bases and the existence of a sufficient military and, where necessary, airborne force, to support it. These factors, as even the airiest political Johnny-head-in-air must admit, beg very large questions. Nobody, however, in the devising of our post-war overseas investment policy, seems to have asked them, or, if they have, their questions have not been made public. And it is the essence of democracy, if it is to function properly, that such questions—however awkward—should be made public, and in time.

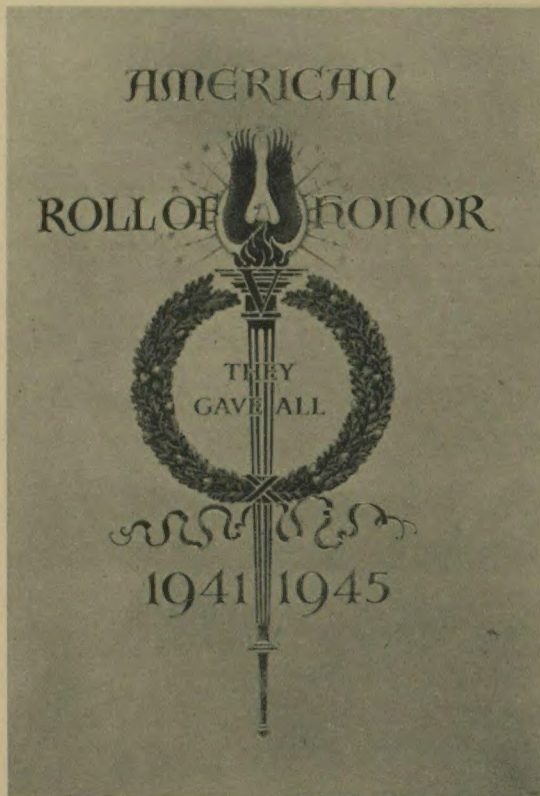
There is another consideration involved in all this. Are our commercial methods in dealing with backward oriental countries which are being developed by British capital and skill in keeping with either our present means of protecting them or our present ideological professions? There is such a thing—and a very wise thing it is!—as doing to others as you would be done by. And what would be our own national feelings if a commercial corporation belonging to a rich foreign nation—say, the United States or the U.S.S.R.—controlled the industry on which the bulk of our national revenues depended and administered it from Washington or Moscow? We should regard ourselves, under such circumstances, as a subordinate and semi-colonial nation, and feel, I suspect—even if we had been a pacifist and welfare-state for a thousand years—considerable resentment at such a state of

affairs. And if we then discovered that the publicists of the nation which kept us in such, as we conceived it, financial bondage, were themselves loudly proclaiming the right and duty of every people to be free of such supposed bondage, and that that nation had also divested itself of all means of enforcing its continuance—what, I wonder, would then be our actions? Would they differ very much from those of the Persians? I know, as every fair-minded man knows, that the Company has conducted its affairs and those of Persia with the strictest probity and a high efficiency, that it has conferred great benefits on the Persian people, and that the poverty and social misery of the latter—which existed long before the Company ever came into being—are due, not to the Company's exploitation, but to the innate greed, corruption and idleness of the very Persian aristocracy who are inciting the Persian people to lay their miseries at the door of the foreigner. We have seen, indeed, much the same phenomenon in India. But it is not lack of honesty, efficiency or humanity—all of which it has shown in a marked degree—that must be laid at the Company's door, and that of the British Government that has supported it, but of something,

in such matters of equal importance—tact. If a sense of national pride is a natural and praiseworthy human instinct—and we enthusiastically acclaim it is in ourselves and, in time of war, in our allies and in the victims of our enemies—it is very important in our relations with other countries with whom we wish to be friendly, to respect it with the utmost tenderness. And it is not tactful to administer the affairs, financial or otherwise, of another nation from either the City of London or Whitehall.

It is not fair to blame the Company for this, for long views in politics are not a financial corporation's business. But they are a Government's business, and they are a nation's. It was loss of just such tact that lost the British Empire its American colonies and, in our own time, Ireland and India. The people of this country, because of their mixed blood, adaptable character and happy history, possess a remarkable gift for giving leadership, guidance and just administration to other peoples less happily circumstanced than themselves. But they have always done so best when, as that wise Englishman, James Brooke of Sarawak, wrote 100 years ago, they have constituted themselves the servants instead of the masters of such peoples, when they have led by intimate guidance and influence rather than by remote direction and ordinance, and when they have respected, because, living on the spot, they understood and sympathised with them, native feelings and ways of life and governance. Excessive bureaucratic uniformity and centralisation, whether governmental or commercial, have probably done more damage to and are a greater menace to the interests of the British Empire than all the efforts of the Fascist, Nazi and Communist parties put together.

# "THEY GAVE ALL": THE AMERICAN ROLL OF HONOUR.



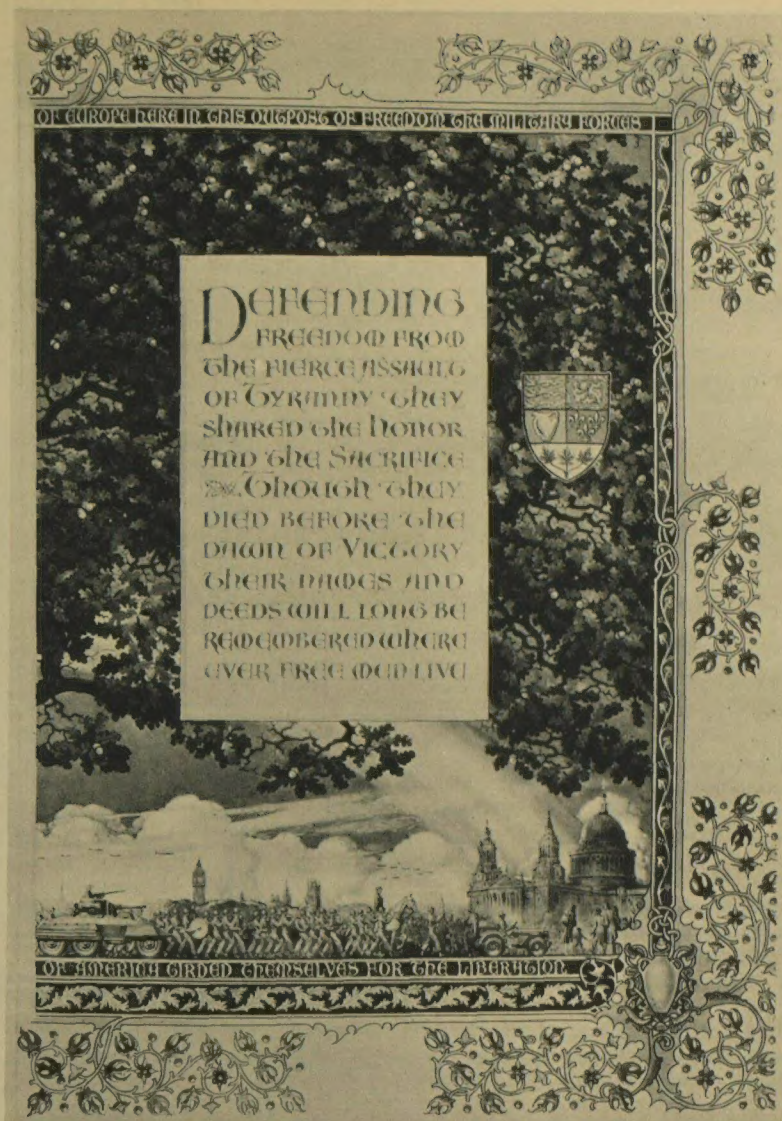
DESIGNED IN RAISED GOLD LEAF: THE TITLE-PAGE BEARING AN OAK-LEAF WREATH WHICH IS SURMOUNTED BY AN EAGLE WITH UPLIFTED WINGS.

A special service was arranged to be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on July 4, Independence Day, during which General Eisenhower was to hand to the Dean of St. Paul's for safe keeping a Roll of Honour inscribed "To the glory of God and in memory of the Americans who gave their lives in military operations from the British Isles." Other photographs of the Roll of Honour, which will eventually be placed in the American Memorial Chapel, now being built as part of the reconstruction of the east end of the Cathedral, appear on the facing page. A page at the beginning of the volume contains the following tribute from General Eisenhower: "Each name inscribed in this book is a story of personal tragedy and a grieving family; a story repeated endlessly in white crosses girdling the globe. The Americans, whose names here appear, were part of the price that free men have been forced a second time to pay in this century to defend human liberty and rights. Fittingly, this ROLL OF HONOR has been enshrined by the Mother Country of all English-speaking democracies in this special Chapel of St. Paul's, once a target of barbaric attack. Here, we and all who shall hereafter live in freedom will be reminded that to these men and their comrades of all the Allies we owe a debt to be paid with grateful remembrance of their sacrifice and with the high resolve that the cause for which they died shall live eternally."

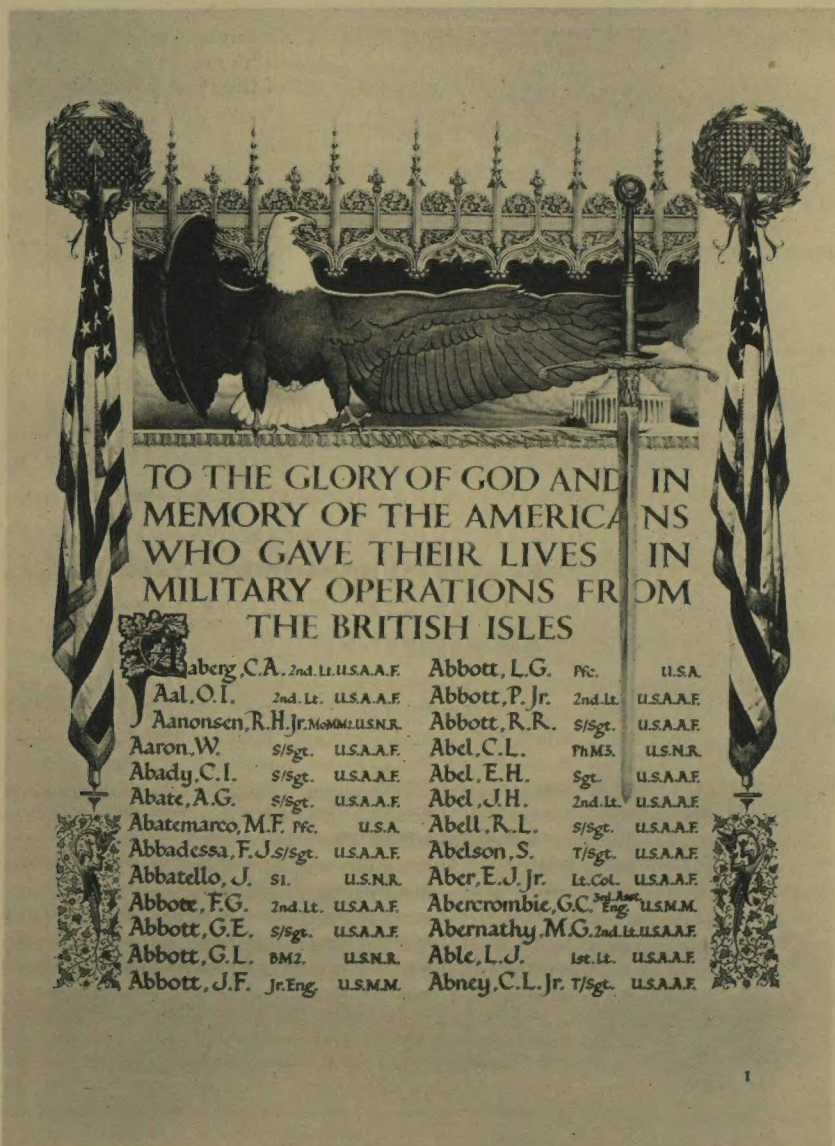


PRECEDING THE PAGE BEARING GENERAL EISENHOWER'S TRIBUTE AND ILLUSTRATING IT: A PAINTING SURROUNDED BY AN ILLUMINATED BORDER IN THE PREFACE TO THE VOLUME.





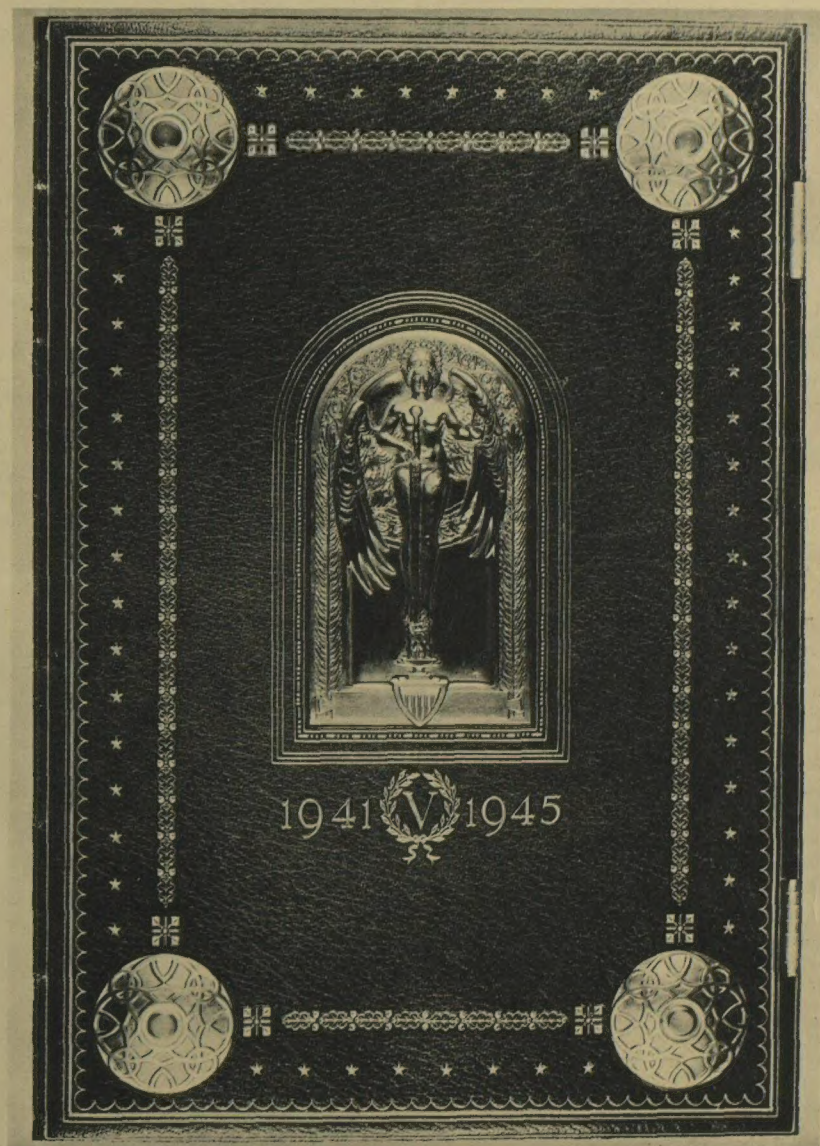
AT THE CLOSE OF THE PREFACE TO THE VOLUME: A DOUBLE-PAGE MEMORIAL PAINTING OF THE TREE OF LIFE, WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD ASCENDING, A PALM OF VICTORY IN HIS HAND. AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PAINTING AMERICAN TROOPS ARE SHOWN LEAVING THE UNITED STATES AND ARRIVING IN LONDON.



IN MEMORIAM: THE OPENING PAGE OF THE ALPHABETICAL LIST OF 28,000 NAMES WHICH OCCUPY 473 PAGES OF THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

THEIR NAMES AND DEEDS WILL LONG BE REMEMBERED: THE AMERICAN ROLL OF HONOUR IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

General Eisenhower arranged to hand over the American Roll of Honour on Independence Day, July 4, in St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Dean for safe keeping by the Chapter until the American Memorial Chapel, now being built, is ready to receive it. The American Roll of Honour contains 28,000 names, occupying 473 pages. They are arranged alphabetically, and are all hand-written. The preface to the volume contains a number of memorial paintings by a group of artists engaged under Mr. Trygve A. Rovelstad, of



BEARING THE FIGURE OF WINGED VICTORY HOLDING THE TWO-HANDED CRUSADER SWORD: THE GOLD-TOOLED LEATHER COVER OF THE VOLUME.

New York, including five British painters, Mr. William Kerry, Mr. Cecil C. Cullen, Mr. James McConnell, Mr. Eric Saunders, and Mr. Gerald Cobb. The Roll has been bound in red leather by British craftsmen. This fine Roll of Honour is a gift from the United States and cost 25,000 dollars. It was announced that the King, because of his illness, would not be able to be present at the service, but that the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal family would be there.



## ANNALS OF EVERY PARISH.

"LOOKING FOR HISTORY IN BRITISH CHURCHES": By M. D. ANDERSON.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



MISS M. D. ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mary Désirée Anderson, born in 1902, is the daughter of the late Sir Hugh Anderson, F.R.S., Master of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. She is the wife of Mr. Trenchard Cox, the director of the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. Her publications include: "The Medieval Carver" (1935); "Animal Carvings in British Churches" (1938); "Design for a Journey" (1940); "British Women at War," and a cycle of poems "Bow Bells are Silent," written under the name M. D. Cox, and published in 1941 and 1943 respectively.

THIS is a book of a peculiar kind. It cannot be called a book about architecture, or, although it deals with the physical attributes of churches, a book about ecclesiastical art. Its title really indicates its nature: the author's object has been to draw, from a great variety of details, illustrations of

The miscellaneous mass of information here given is not possible to summarise. Take the chapter-headings, which range from "The Ruined Outposts of Rome" and "Raiders Off the Coast!" to "Gentlemen of the Road" and "Maps and Mariners"; with



ILLUSTRATING THE BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION IN NAVAL HISTORY WHICH WAS BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE EARLY TUDOR MONARCHS: ONE OF THE CARVED SHIPS AT TIVERTON; A DETAIL OF A THREE-MASTED SHIP, WITH MAIN SAILS SET, ON ONE OF THE BUTTRESSES OF THE TIVERTON CHAPEL.

the sub-titles of chapters ranging like this: "The Pilgrims: Foreign Pilgrimages; St. James of Compostella and the scallop-shell; The Palmer's Gild Window, Ludlow; British shrines; The road to Walsingham; Holywell; The Pilgrims' Road to Canterbury; The display of relics; Henry VIII's Attack on the cult of St. Thomas; Surviving representations of St. Thomas à Becket; Popular cult for Simon de Montfort; Thomas, Earl of Lancaster; Wall-paintings at South Newington; Churches founded in penance

for the murder of St. Thomas." The book is a small

encyclopædia. Five hundred years hence what sort of information about our own age will our posterity derive from our tombs, our windows, our carvings in wood and stone? The nineteenth century did occasionally break away from convention in its monuments: "The nineteenth-century graves," says Miss Anderson, "will show us curiosities such as palm-trees or grand pianos in marble, or long, punning epitaphs expressing moral lessons in the jargon of the dead person's trade." But those oddities will definitely have been ordered by odd clients; the general run conform and there is very little play with the glass, stone and wood in new churches. Now and then we hear (I give but examples which occur to me, without remembering whether the actual works exist) that, for instance, a window to Lewis Carroll has been unveiled, with the Mad Hatter, Bill the Lizard, and the Dormouse attending on Alice, or a window to Beatrix Potter, with a "surround" of Peter Rabbits, Freddie Frogs, Tommy Toads, Willy Wombats, Charlie Crocodiles, Albert Alligators, Oliver Ostriches, and whatever other inhabitants may have belonged to her friendly Zoo. But when such things happen we are fully aware that we are merely imitating the Middle Ages; that the fancies are imposed from above, and do not naturally spring from the soil of the craftsman's mind. Whenever a portrait of a modern man is included in a stained-glass window, or the likeness of one's head carved on boss or corbel, we hear about it in the newspapers.

But were the old freedom of expression, including that of the "indomitable humour of the British working man" allowed to proliferate in an uninhibited manner, things would be very



"THE DEVIL IN ALL HIS FEATHERS": A FEATHERED FIGURE OF A DEMON ON AN EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MISERICORD AT GAYTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

interest of the churches at home, and the local craftsman often revealed his everyday experience in the subjects which he wrought." How could it be otherwise? For centuries the village church was "a focal point, not only of the religious life of the parish but also of its civil administration," and how could it fail to bear the marks of history? Beyond that, in the ages which produced our wealth of churches, there was one universal religion, practised (at least outwardly) by all and permeating every civic and individual activity. There was no comprehension of a religion meant for Sundays and to be kept apart from secular occupations: there could have been none (though that fundamentally sensitive man had a crude, satiric way of saying things he didn't entirely mean) of Lord Melbourne's remark, after a sermon, I think: "Things have come to a pretty pass if religion is to invade a man's private life." Any work could be devoted to the greater glory of God and any talents devoted to it. Anatole France's "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," although written by an erudite sceptic who liked playing with such mediæval legends, does indicate the true spirit of that time which launched such countless towers and spires into the air and sped so many fallible men on Crusades. Miss Anderson, in one of the few passages of sustained eloquence which her mass of facts permits her (suitably, it comes elegiacally, at the end of a chapter entitled "In a Churchyard"), says, of our parish churches, "We may mark with reverence the highest flights of mediæval mysticism, expressed in curious symbols, or chuckle with grim amusement at the indomitable humour of the British working man, changeless throughout the centuries yet never stale."



GUARDING THE MARTYRED KING'S HEAD: ST. EDMUND'S WOLF ON A BENCH-END AT WALPOLE ST. PETER, NORFOLK. A DOG-LIKE ANIMAL WITH A CROWNED HEAD BETWEEN ITS PAWS WHICH CAN ALSO BE SEEN ON BENCH-ENDS AT HOXNE, HADLEIGH AND STONHAM ASPALL, IN SUFFOLK, ON THE STONE PARAPET OF PULHAM ST. MARY VIRGIN, NORFOLK, AND ON A STONE SEAT IN ELY CATHEDRAL. Illustrations reproduced from "Looking for History in British Churches"; by courtesy of the publisher, John Murray.



A SUBJECT ILLUSTRATED ON MANY MISERICORDS: A FAMILY DISAGREEMENT VIVIDLY CARVED ON A MISERICORD IN BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

different and posterity really would have something to examine.

Legends and stories, for example. "At Exeter we see the *Chevalier au Cygne* [a sort of Lohengrin] and a curiously contracted allusion to the story of Aristotle bewitched by Campaspe. At both Lincoln and Chester the misericords illustrate Tristram and Iseult meeting under the tree which conceals King Mark, and that most popular of all romances, the Flight of Alexander, which also appears on a misericord at Wells and on two more in Gloucester Cathedral. Misericords in Lincoln, New College, Oxford and Boston show the thirteenth-century romance of Sir Yvain, which finds its best illustration at Enville (Staffs)." Had the tradition persisted there might be carved heads of Shakespeare's characters all over the country, and pew-ends at Rochester exhibiting the progresses of the Pickwick Club. In odd corners a mediæval craftsman, let loose with a free hand now, would probably tuck away a rugged carving of Mr. Churchill, identified by cigar, possibly with his arm round the neck of *Colonist II.*; had W. G. Grace lived, and the art he practised have been held in such repute as now, in the fourteenth century his effigy, in alabaster or marble, would have reposed in Gloucester Cathedral, with a bat in his hand and, at his feet a little dog with a cricket-ball in its mouth.

We may ape and try to adapt: but there is a curtain, transparent as glass but almost as impenetrable as iron, between those old centuries and ours. One can but thank those, like Miss Anderson, who are able, for an hour or two, to persuade us that we have penetrated behind it.

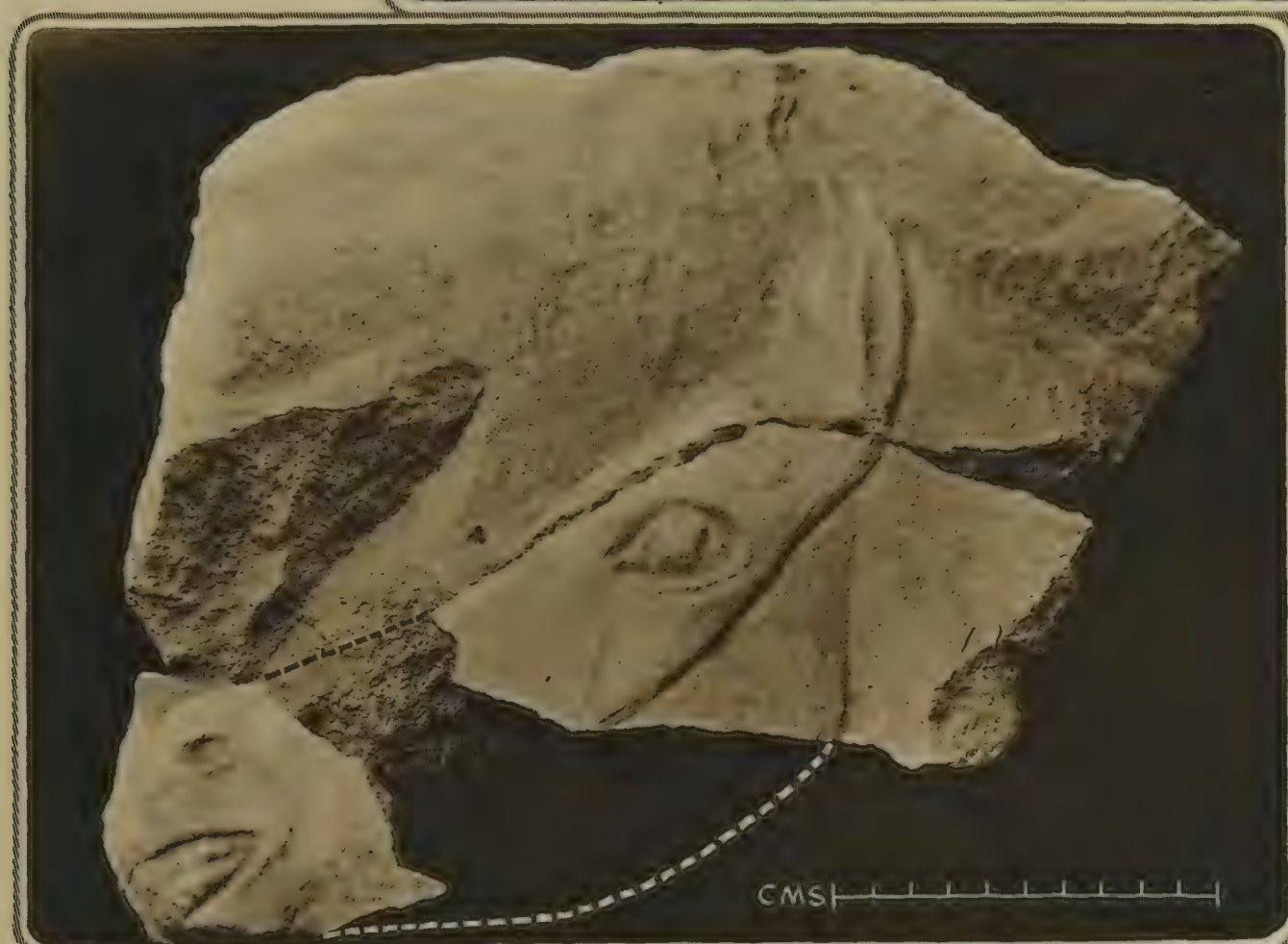
Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 34 of this issue.

\* "Looking for History in British Churches." By M. D. Anderson. 40 Half-tones and 12 Figures in Text. (John Murray; 25s.)



THE HORSES OF  
12,000 YEARS AGO,  
SCULPTURED BY  
PALÆOLITHIC  
ARTISTS OF THE  
SAME ERA: RELIEF  
HEADS FROM A  
UNIQUE ROCK-  
SHELTER FRIEZE.

(RIGHT.) A HORSE'S HEAD OF 12,000 YEARS AGO, SCULPTURED IN HIGH RELIEF BY A MAGDALENIAN ARTIST OF THE SAME PERIOD: ONE OF THE HEADS FROM THE AMAZING FRIEZE OF HORSES FOUND BY PROFESSOR GARROD AND Mlle. DE ST-MATHURIN.



IN *The Illustrated London News* of July 16, 1949, an account was given of Palæolithic sculptures found by Professor Dorothy Garrod and Mlle. Suzanne de Saint-Mathurin in a rock-shelter at Angles-sur-l'Anglin, in the Vienne Department of France. These included a life-size portrait head of a Magdalenian hunter and a figure of a young ibex (which were reproduced in colour in that issue). Mlle. de Saint-Mathurin and Professor Garrod have since continued excavation, with the support of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, and have found that the so-called *Cave à Louis Taillebourg*, in which the original finds were made, forms part of a much larger shelter, now known as *Le Roc-aux-Sorciers*. In a mass of stones overlying an occupation level of Early Magdalenian date, and in this level itself, they have discovered many more sculptured fragments, forming part of a frieze which had been carved on the wall of the shelter, but of which a great part had collapsed in prehistoric times. The heads of horses shown in these photographs

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) A LOW-RELIEF HORSE'S HEAD OF MAGDALENIAN SCULPTURE, FOUND IN THE ROC-AUX-SORCIERS, IN WEST CENTRAL FRANCE. DOTTED LINES INDICATE THE PROBABLY COMPLETE PROFILE.



TWO MORE HEADS OF HORSES FROM THE EXTRAORDINARY FRIEZE OF SCULPTURE FOUND BY PROFESSOR GARROD AND Mlle. DE ST-MATHURIN AT THE ROC AUX SORCIERS. THAT ON THE LEFT, SHOWING NECK AND A FORE-FOOT, IS AMONG THE MOST COMPLETE. ALL SCALES ARE IN CENTIMETRES.

(Continued.)

come from figures of which the remaining parts were reduced to fragments in the fall, and which it has not yet proved possible to reconstruct. The artist has taken as his models the wild horses whose bones were dug up in abundance in the Magdalenian hearths, and which appear to have formed the staple diet of the inhabitants of the *Roc-aux-Sorciers*. Similar carvings have been found

in prehistoric shelters in the Dordogne and Charente, dating like these from about 12,000 years ago, but those of Angles-sur-l'Anglin are certainly the finest yet known. There are indications that the frieze will ultimately be found to have a length of nearly 40 metres, and it is hoped that a part at least will have escaped collapse.





THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS, SCOTS GUARDS, BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: A VIEW OF THE CEREMONY IN THE GROUNDS OF HOLYROODHOUSE.



IN FULL DRESS AND MARCHING PAST THEIR COLONEL, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, IN PRINCES STREET: THE 1ST BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS, WITH THEIR NEW COLOURS.



IN BATTLE-DRESS AND MARCHING PAST WITH THEIR NEW COLOURS: THE 2ND BATTALION, SCOTS GUARDS, WHICH RECENTLY RETURNED FROM SERVICE IN MALAYA.

#### THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE 1ST AND 2ND BATTALIONS, SCOTS GUARDS, BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.

On June 28 H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Colonel of the Scots Guards, presented new Colours to the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Regiment in the grounds of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. His Majesty the King, Colonel-in-Chief of the Scots Guards, who was prevented by his illness from being present in person, sent his best wishes to all present through his Royal Highness, who mentioned that it was almost 250 years since both battalions of the Scots Guards had been in

Scotland together. On parade were 350 men of the 1st Battalion in full dress and 600 men of the 2nd Battalion in battle-dress, most of them recently returned from active service in Malaya, and 500 members of the Scots Guards Association. Following the presentation ceremony the parade marched past the Duke of Gloucester in Princes Street, watched by a large crowd, which gave a specially warm welcome to the veterans of the Association.





AN IDYLIC SETTING IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS: FLOWER-BORDERED PATHS LEADING TO THE AVIARY RESTAURANT.

On June 25 Mr. Stokes, the Lord Privy Seal, in moving the second reading of the Festival of Britain (Additional Loans) Bill, referred to the "regrettable story" of the early mismanagement and bad luck attending the construction of the Festival Gardens and Fun Fair at Battersea Park, asked for an additional loan of funds not exceeding £1,000,000, and referred to the possibility of keeping the Gardens open after October. Sir Ralph Glyn thought there would be a loss

unless the Gardens could be kept open for several years, and Mr. Gibson thought it worth while spending money to produce the finest pleasure gardens this country had ever seen, even if there was a net loss in the end. The second reading was passed by a majority of seven. Although criticism of the Gardens' history has been general, praise for the result has been almost unanimous and the gaiety and charm of the Gardens are already proving very popular.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





BALLOON SHOOTING BY "BAZOOKA": AN ENGLISHMAN'S ATTEMPTS TO RECAPTURE HIS WARTIME ACCURACY OF AIM; AND U.S. "G.I.'s" TESTING THEIR SKILL.



WATCHING THE BALLET IN THE PLEASURE GARDENS AMPHITHEATRE FROM UNCONVENTIONAL POINTS OF VANTAGE: A CHILD ON HER FATHER'S SHOULDERS, AND TREE-TOP SPECTATORS.



LONDON'S GREAT WATERWAY IN USE AS A HOLIDAY THOROUGHFARE: A CONTENTED PARTY OF FESTIVAL VISITORS PROCEEDING BY WATER-BUS TO THE BATTERSEA GARDENS AND FUN FAIR.

#### WHEN ALL ROADS LEAD TO BATTERSEA PARK: LONDON JOLLITY IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS.

The advance of summer has lent supreme beauty to the London scene in general and to the Festival Gardens in particular, and huge crowds have visited both the Fun Fair and the Gardens throughout the long hours of daylight. The use of the water-bus to travel between the South Bank and the Battersea Festival Gardens and Fair recalls the joyful water-parties which provided seventeenth- and eighteenth-century painters with such delightful subjects, and has equally inspired our artist, Bryan de Grineau. He has also recorded how the enthusiasm for watching ballet induces Festival Gardens visitors to watch performances in



THE FESTIVAL CLOCK IN ACTION, TO THE DELIGHT OF THE CROWD. THE HIGHLANDER "PHINEAS" IS SHOWN, RIGHT, FOREGROUND.

the Amphitheatre from unconventional "seats." The elaborate mechanism of the Festival Clock, which is provided with a sun which turns, figures which dance, and personages who come out from their mansion, goes into action every quarter of an hour, and is a never-failing source of amusement, seeming even to surprise the famous wooden Highlander "Phineas," which once stood outside a tobacconist's shop in the Strand, and was often forcibly carried off to participate in students' "rags" in London. The chance of shooting coloured balloons with a "Bazooka" is eagerly seized on by U.S. "G.I.'s" and the native visitor alike.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





WHERE A WONDROUS FLYING DRAGON "SWINGES THE SCALY HORROR OF HIS FOLDED TAIL" AMID THE BRANCHES, MONSTER INSECTS CREEP AND CLING TO TWIGS AND BOUGHS, AND A HUGE CAT BALANCES ON A SWING: THE TREE-TOP WALK IN THE FESTIVAL GARDENS.



IN THE DANCE PAVILION OF THE BATTERSEA FESTIVAL GARDENS: COUPLES DANCING ON THE BALLROOM FLOOR BENEATH THE GAILY-STRIPED CIRCULAR ROOF. TO THE MUSIC OF A DANCE ORCHESTRA—A DELIGHTFUL PICTURE OF CAREFREE YOUTHFUL ENJOYMENT.

#### HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BATTERSEA FESTIVAL GARDENS: THE GREAT DANCE PAVILION AND THE RIVERSIDE TREE-TOP WALK.

The Battersea Fun Fair and Festival Gardens provide amusement and entertainment of every kind, and for patrons of every age. Those in search of pleasantly alarming sensations may ride in the Big Dipper, or the Dragon Ride, or try other such distractions; young people can take the floor in the Dance Pavilion, where an orchestra plays the latest dance music, the energetic may prove their skill in various games and contests in Fun Fair booths, and the peaceful may wander in the colourful flower gardens. There

is also the highly unusual "Tree-top Walk"—a most amusing promenade built high up in the branches, which are peopled with amazing animals. A huge cat swings on a trapeze, immense insects inhabit the branches, and a great scaly dragon is apparently awaiting the arrival of St. George to try conclusions with him. These creatures are constructed with remarkable skill, and when evening falls their aspect becomes even more remarkable. Illuminations and reflectors on the trees add to the ingenious effect of the fauna.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.





# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## FLOWERS WITHOUT LEAVES.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

"FLOWERS without leaves."

That, I am informed, is roughly a translation of the name "Aphyllanthes." I take the information on trust, for all Latin is Greek to me, and vice-versa—almost. It is strange that *Aphyllanthes monspeliensis* is so seldom seen in gardens, for it is an extremely pretty and interesting flower, hardy, easy to grow and was introduced to this country in 1791.

It was thanks to engine trouble that I first met *Aphyllanthes* in the wild, though I had known it in cultivation for many years before that. I was travelling with my son by motor coach from Carcassonne to the little walled mountain town of Mt. Louis, in the Eastern Pyrenees, and by great good luck the engine "conked out" in a pleasant rocky gorge. We scrambled out to examine the nearby herbage, and within yards of our coach came upon the rush-like tussocks which I knew to be *Aphyllanthes*. Unfortunately, the engine made a rapid recovery, though not before we had managed to hawk out one hearty specimen of our find from its hard, stony, sun-baked slope.

*Aphyllanthes monspeliensis* is found only in the Mediterranean region, and even there is strangely local. Where it does grow it is often extremely abundant, and then for miles there will be none at all. In habit and general appearance it looks uncommonly like a rush, making dense tussocks often 1 ft. or more across of round, slender, wiry stems 1 ft. to 18 ins. high. Each of these rush-like stems carries at its summit a sheath of chaffy bracts which looks very like a small brownish oat. In June, each of these unpromising-looking brown sheaths pushes out a charming, blue lily-like flower. The plant belongs, by the way, to the great lily family. These flowers suggest small, solitary *Agapanthus* blossoms. They are very much the same powder-blue. Each of the six petals has a darker central line. The appearance of a well-grown specimen is at once extremely pretty, charming and somewhat surprising, as though someone had taken a wiry tussock of rush and stuck a single oat on the tops of half the leaves and a little blue lily blossom on to all the others. The flowers measure a trifle less than one inch across.

The last time I saw—and collected—*Aphyllanthes monspeliensis* was on the Corniche road above Nice. It grew in great profusion in the banks above the road, and seldom have I toiled so hard to extract such stubborn plants. Each tussock had a mop of tough, wiry roots that quested deep into a cementlike mixture of rubble and reddish clayey soil. The Mediterranean sun beat down, and the sweat cascaded from me as I dug. Fortunately, I was collecting at the right time of year—late spring. When I got the tussocks home I split them up into dozens of small pieces, reduced the leaves to a minimum and planted them close together in pans of silver sand, with very sandy soil in the lower half.

At that time they were stirring into spring growth, sending up fresh young leaves and pushing down a crop of new roots. In a few weeks they had rooted to a man, and were ready to be potted up ready for later and final planting-out.

*Aphyllanthes* is generally supposed to be difficult to propagate, but my success with those collected specimens convinced me that, taken at the right time soon after flowering in early summer, when the plant is making its annual crop of fresh growth, top and bottom, it is ready and willing to become established. It is important, however, to act ruthlessly, and split

the tussock into many quite small pieces. If you have only one established specimen, and want to increase this without lifting and sacrificing the whole of it, it should not be difficult to tear away a portion of the plant from one side, and use this for splitting up and rooting. The plant sets a certain amount of seed in favourably hot summers, and this should provide another and easy method of increasing one's stock.

There seems to be a good deal of difference of opinion as to how one should treat *Aphyllanthes* in the garden. W. A. Clark, in his little book, "Alpine Plants" (1901), says that it "makes a good

addition to the edge of the bog garden. It requires peat, sand and loam in equal parts, and a position where the roots can be comparatively dry in winter. A full south position is necessary if on a damp bottom, but if on the dry side of the bog garden, a little shade is needed."

It seems certain that Clark never saw *Aphyllanthes* growing wild on its sun-drenched Mediterranean hill-sides, and was misled by its rush-like appearance into suggesting the bog garden for it. And how is one to

find a position in the bog garden when "the roots will be comparatively dry in winter"? Too difficult. Farrer suggests full exposure to sunshine in the north and partial shade in the south of England. This rather surprises me, for he must have seen it in the wild many times. Always when I have seen it "at home" it has been basking in the most torrid exposures, and certainly the plant has every appearance of being an inveterate xerophyte with its mop of deep-questing wiry roots, and its wig of dry-looking, slender stems with never a leaf to release moisture. Accordingly, I have planted all my specimens in fullest sunshine. One great clump is growing among rocks, in stiff loam and rubble, and the others live at the top of a low stone wall with their roots in almost pure coal ash. Both look equally prosperous, and now, in mid-June, they are flowering magnificently. Every single stem carries its solitary blue flower or a bud ready to open.

Coming from where it does, it would not be surprising to find that *Aphyllanthes monspeliensis* was not too hardy in this country. It is for this reason perhaps that in garden books and articles it is often suggested that the plant should be given protection in winter. Even in Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening" slight winter protection is advocated. In such matters we gardeners are apt to be strangely sheeplike. Too often it happens that some early writer states that a certain plant demands unlimited moisture at the root, or requires unlimited dung, or winter protection, and then generation after generation of writers repeat the slogan until it becomes an article of faith, so that the unfortunate plant in question remains for ever a martyr to the very treatment that it hates most and so retains for ever a reputation for being "difficult." Thus *Aphyllanthes*, we have been told, should be given the contradictory and surely impossible combination of bog-garden conditions with winter dryness at the root, partial shade, and winter protection. If folk attempt to provide all this, can one wonder that it remains comparatively rare in gardens?

The same sort of fate attended *Primula japonica* when it first arrived in this country in the guise of a tropical or sub-tropical species. Accordingly, it was grown and cherished in a warm greenhouse where it put up the sickly performance that one would, in the light of later experience, expect. Eventually, in disgust, it was consigned

to the rubbish-heap, where it at once took hold and put up the flamboyant display of which it is capable when treated rough as a hardy plant. And so, with *Aphyllanthes*. My own personal experience over a good many years in a cold part of Hertfordshire, and later in the Cotswolds, is that it enjoys all the sun-baking that may be going, and flourishes and flowers equally well in stiff loam or in cinders. Start with a young, well-rooted specimen, place it fairly high for the sake of drainage and to have it near the eye, and it will settle down to almost everlasting life and ever-increasing size and splendour.



"PRETTY, CHARMING AND SOMEWHAT SURPRISING, AS THOUGH SOMEONE HAD TAKEN A WIRY TUSsock OF RUSH AND STUCK A SINGLE OAT ON THE TOPS OF HALF THE LEAVES AND A LITTLE BLUE LILY BLOSSOM ON TO ALL THE OTHERS": *Aphyllanthes monspeliensis*, FROM THE CHARMING ILLUSTRATION BY J. TRAHERNE MOGGGRIDGE, F.L.S., TO HIS "FLORA OF MENTONE" (1871).

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AWARDED A SILVER-GILT MEDAL AT THE N.F.U. MARKET GARDEN PRODUCE SHOW SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA: A DISPLAY OF CHERRIES FROM THE "GARDEN OF ENGLAND," BY THE KENT COUNTY BRANCH OF THE N.F.U.

## EVENTS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER, AND NEWS ITEMS FROM THE CONTINENT.



BEST MALE OF ITS BREED AT THE ROYAL NORFOLK SHOW AT KESWICK PARK: LIEUT.-COLONEL Q. E. GURNEY'S *BAWDESWELL CALIGULA*, A BRITISH WHITE.

The two-day show of the Royal Norfolk Agricultural Association opened at Keswick Park on June 27. There were 1923 entries of livestock and a record number (696) of cattle. The King was a successful exhibitor with his Red Poll champion female *Royal Gladiolus*, and *Bawdeswell Caligula* was for the second year running best of his breed.



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE SHOW OF THE HUNTERS' IMPROVEMENT AND NATIONAL LIGHT HORSE BREEDING SOCIETY AT SHREWSBURY: LIGHTWEIGHT HUNTERS IN THE RING.

Our photograph, taken at the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society's Show at Shrewsbury on June 28, shows lightweight hunters in the ring, with the winners of the first, second and third prizes seen from left to right. They are: Mr. J. F. Cann's *High Court*;

Mr. R. Hanson's *Challenge II*; and Mr. V. R. Bishop's *Fancy Free*. There were record entries in all classes and some fine jumping, in which Lieut.-Colonel Llewellyn competed on the famous *Foxhunter*. Mr. Cann's young chestnut, *High Court*, also won the four-year-old class from Mrs. Spalding's *Timothy*.



THE REBIRTH OF THE SOCIALIST INTERNATIONAL: HERR ERICH OLLENHAUER SPEAKING AS CHAIRMAN AT THE MEETING HELD IN FRANKFURT ON JUNE 30.

The Socialist International, which has been in abeyance since 1939 was reconstituted on June 30 at a Congress held in Frankfurt under the chairmanship of Herr Ollenhauer, Deputy Chairman of the German Socialist Party. During the proceedings the flag of the movement, which resembles that of the U.S.S.R. but with the words "Socialist International" in gold in place of the hammer and sickle, was presented to Mr. Morgan Phillips, who is seen on the right in our photograph.



TITANIA IN A BATHING COSTUME, WITH HER SWIMMING FAIRY ATTENDANTS: A RECENT PRODUCTION OF WEBER'S "OBERON" IN THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE.

On June 17 a performance of Weber's opera "Oberon" was given in the Boboli Gardens in Florence. Miss Teresa Randall, of New Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A., sang the part of Titania, and is seen in our photograph reclining on a rocky islet in the lake, surrounded by her attendant fairies. This method of presenting an opera may commend itself to Mediterranean impressarios, but would hardly have a warm welcome at Covent Garden or, may we suggest, at Edinburgh.



WRITING of war about a century-and-a-quarter ago, Clausewitz put moral qualities first. Like all else in his book, what he wrote about moral qualities was deeply influenced by his experience. He had seen the soldiers of revolutionary and Napoleonic France overrun the greater part of Europe. He realised that the empire and the generalship of Napoleon had represented from the military point of view not so much a breach in the revolutionary impulse as its harnessing and consolidation. Mobile and intelligent, the French soldiers who swept aside the armies of the old régime were untrammelled by the pedantry of warfare as it had hitherto been waged. They fought peoples' wars, and continued to do so even when they were led by an emperor, by princes, by dukes, and by counts. "Citizen," the original form of address used by generals in writing to one another, had a significance which did not wholly disappear even under the empire. Men thought of each other as citizens. This new individual ardour and enthusiasm was reflected in strategy and tactics. The old States and armies were incapable of withstanding it.

Clausewitz had also seen the reaction. In the latter years of the empire Napoleon was opposed by men who, on a rather feeble scale—because they could not shake off all the cobwebs—also fought peoples' wars. Spain led the way. Austria followed in her rather clumsy fashion. Then came Russia. Finally, Prussia, out of the bare remnant of a dismembered, occupied, satellite State, produced an extraordinarily vigorous national spirit. Against these new forces, allied with the calm, deadly grip of British sea power, Napoleon went down. Small wonder that a military philosopher should have set the moral virtues of armies above all others. Yet they were a simple factor in those days as compared with our own. The soldiers of the quarter-century of those years came off the land. Some came from miserable surroundings, but, however wretched, their nerves were steadier than those of men dwelling in the vast, hustling, noisy, industrial cities of to-day. The notion that the European peasant-recruit required any particular physical or nervous fortification would have seemed absurd. The hardships he had to endure under arms were indeed terrible, but to some extent all his life had been a preparation for them. Whatever else his defects might be, he was not likely to suffer from either bodily or mental breakdown. Today the bulk of the land forces of the United States and of the United Kingdom come from the cities and towns. Their intelligence is considerably higher than that of the men of the Napoleonic age, but they are more brittle in every sense.

To-day I am writing of this problem as it affects the United States Army. I must confess, to begin with, that I have had no first-hand knowledge of it since the Second World War. In that I fully appreciated its great qualities; in particular, the astonishing powers of absorption and improvisation of its leaders and the intelligence of its rank and file. From Korea, however, come scraps of information at the end of a year of warfare. Some are favourable, one or two the reverse; and it is about the latter I will now speak, because they come into that moral field to which Clausewitz attributed such high importance. I have always thought that the military authorities of the United States should pay more attention, than they appear to, to European views on their Army. At first these might be disregarded because they were German, and the defeated Germans naturally declared that it was only weight of metal that beat them. Yet among the critics there are now to be found some of the friendliest observers. In brief, these critics allege a reliance on material so absolute that it goes beyond the ordinary conception of tactics and becomes a materialist philosophy of war. They claim that they have been unable to find much tactical subtlety in American practice, which sometimes works out at battering to pieces everything in the path of the army, regardless of whether it is being defended or has any value as an obstacle, and timing progress by destruction.

Where these critics are articulate—able writers such as Colonel Miksche, for example—their indictment is heavier. It amounts to the suggestion that the Americans do worse than underrate the moral factor in war, that they actually allot it no place and do not consider it to be worth attention. I cannot believe this to be so. "Calculated Risk," General Mark Clark's book which I reviewed here recently, provides evidence that he himself puts its importance high, and he is now the Commander of the United States Land Forces. Perhaps, then, the fault lies in bad psychology, which is the more likely because the American Army, while probably paying more attention to psychology than any other, is notoriously weak in it in one respect in which the results are easy enough to observe. The propaganda which it directs towards its enemy in war is apt to be either trivial or to be wrongly slanted. I saw specimens of literature designed to induce the German forces on the Cassino front in 1944 to recognise that resistance was hopeless, and I confess that I found them crude. What is now being provided for Chinese consumption seems to

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE AMERICAN SOLDIER IN WAR.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

be no better. On the other hand, some of the Chinese pamphlets in English are well composed. They harp on the profits which, allegedly, American capitalism and big business are making out of the Korean war, but are less extravagant and more interesting than much of the Communist propaganda to be read in Europe.

At the root of this failing is probably to be found the aloofness of American troops in the mass from the peoples of foreign countries. This characteristic contrasts sharply with the attitude of intellectual Americans abroad and, to a rather less extent, of



"... THE BULK OF THE LAND FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES AND OF THE UNITED KINGDOM COME FROM THE CITIES AND TOWNS. THEIR INTELLIGENCE IS CONSIDERABLY HIGHER THAN THAT OF THE MEN OF THE NAPOLEONIC AGE, BUT THEY ARE MORE BRITTLE IN EVERY SENSE": A UNIT OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS MARCHING ALONG A DUSTY KOREAN ROAD ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT.



"... I FULLY APPRECIATE ITS GREAT QUALITIES; IN PARTICULAR, THE ASTONISHING POWERS OF ABSORPTION AND IMPROVISATION OF ITS LEADERS AND THE INTELLIGENCE OF ITS RANK AND FILE": A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE KOREAN WAR FRONT, SYMBOLIC OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

American tourists in general. No travellers take a more intelligent and sympathetic interest in the lands which they visit and in the peoples inhabiting them. They appreciate to a greater extent than the folk of nearly all other races the attractive and original features of a way of life which differs from their own. American students at Oxford, the only university of which I know anything of the inner life, are delighted with their experience. (One, of whom I asked in casual conversation whether he could play any baseball here or missed seeing it played, replied, with a smile of amusement at himself but no trace of irony:

"The game I'm really interested in right now is—cricket." Admittedly he was a rare exception, but nevertheless not without significance.) In the same way, individual American officers attached to the South Korean Army in the present war appear to like and understand the troops and to win their confidence. Yet the United States Army in Korea cannot be said to have established contact with

the country and has little enough with the contingents of other nations fighting under the orders of its senior officers.

Even supposing that policy in warfare were dictated by Machiavellian cunning alone, this would be bad policy. When we reflect upon the opportunities lost by the Germans in Russia, especially in the Ukraine, we may decide that their harshness and cruelty constituted one of the greatest blunders committed by them in their conduct of the war. From time to time new light is being shed upon the sympathy which their first appearance aroused. In his remarkable book, "Erinnerungen eines Soldaten," General Guderian writes: "Für die Haltung der Bevölkerung war kennzeichnend, dass Frauen aus einem Dorf im Kampfgebiet mit Brot, Butter und Eiern auf Holztellern an mich herantraten und nicht eher riefen, als bis ich etwas genossen hatte." The bread, butter and eggs on the wooden platters were a symbolical offering to the commander of the Second Panzer Group which represented a valuable asset to the invading armies. Later on the General found that German methods had turned former friends among the Ukrainians into foes. Yet, though war is not a business in which policy wears its most honourable aspect, I am not cynical enough to advocate purely sham interest and sympathy. Those who know Korea well tell us that it is capable of exciting such emotions in more genuine form.

In a sense I have linked together two dangers which appear to me to beset the United States in relationship with other nations and in the efforts to preserve the cause of world freedom: too absolute a reliance upon brute force as compared with the moral factor in warfare and lack of an ideal in peace. It seems to me reasonable that they should be linked. Thoughtful Americans have themselves observed these dangers—though we all know that many peoples will listen with respect to what their own nationals say in criticism, while resenting similar remarks from aliens. In "The Price of Power" Mr. Hanson Baldwin writes: "We do not, therefore, I think, hold the moral leadership of the world, at least in the same degree that we did in the Wilsonian days... we were, at the war's end, a leading exponent of the horrible art of total war, and now we offer a materialistic leadership, too often only sugar-coated with morality, to the world."

Mr. Baldwin also writes, however, that the American people "retain a friendly sense of brotherhood, a hope for a better world, and an intuitive common sense which has helped them before in time of trouble. And as a psychological as well as an economic buttress, the United States still possesses what other nations have destroyed, a great (economic) middle class, which, with its innate but sound conservatism, has a natural repugnance for extremes." This is true and embodies hope. In the second sentence lies a lesson for ourselves; for we are fast destroying our middle class, which in Victorian days set a moral standard decried till lately but now recognised by the thoughtful at its true value. All the nations which have sent contingents to Korea, but, of course, the United States to by far the greatest extent, are now facing the Communist-peasant soldiers of a State intensely anxious to prove that it has been re-born and acquired new martial virtues in that re-birth. It has certainly acquired a new zeal, a ferocity and persistence in martial endeavour unknown to the old China. These Chinese infantrymen, tools of an unjustified aggression, must be met and defeated by the material weapons from the arsenals of modern industrialism. They alone do not suffice. The spirit and the ideals claimed, and rightly, for free States, of free citizens, are needed too.

If these did not exist it would be idle to simulate them. They do exist, though they may be latent, smothered in materialism, ill taught, badly expressed. It is only the elect in an army, just as it is in a nation, who can realise and inculcate them. Probably all the armed forces of the free nations need to be reminded of this truth, but it is particularly important for the United States, because that nation cannot avoid the leadership which has fallen into its hands and because so much reliance is placed upon its armed forces. The American soldier at his best is one of the best in the world, and it is in the formations and units, where the moral virtues of leadership are most prominent, that this standard is reached. American officers themselves admit that the standard should be more level. There is no reason why it should not be if the leadership innate in that great people is allowed to play its due part.



## THE PRELUDE TO A CEASE-FIRE IN KOREA: WAR SCENES, AND PROPOSED MEETING-PLACES.



CUT UP BY UNITED NATIONS ARTILLERY WHEN CROSSING A RIVER BED IN THE IMJIN RIVER AREA: THE WRECKAGE OF A COMMUNIST ARTILLERY REGIMENT BEING EXAMINED BY U.S. SOLDIERS.



POSSIBLY TO BE EXCHANGED UNDER THE ALLIED CEASE-FIRE PROPOSALS: SOME OF THE 10,000 COMMUNIST PRISONERS OF WAR, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY U.N. FORCES, IN AN INTERNMENT CAMP.



CELEBRATING THEIR COUNTRY'S ONE-YEAR FIGHT AGAINST COMMUNIST AGGRESSION ON JUNE 25: KOREANS PARADING THROUGH SEOUL WITH FLAGS AND ANTI-COMMUNIST PLACARDS.



AN AMPHIBIOUS RAID IN THE CHINNAMPO AREA: ROYAL MARINES GOING ASHORE FROM THE U.S.S. COMBTOCK IN A LANDING CRAFT WITH AN AMERICAN CREW.



THE DANISH HOSPITAL SHIP IN WHICH GENERAL RIDGWAY SUGGESTED NEGOTIATIONS FOR AN ARMISTICE MIGHT TAKE PLACE: THE JUTLANDIA IN KOREAN WATERS.



SUGGESTED BY THE COMMUNISTS AS A MEETING-PLACE FOR THE REPRESENTATIVES OF BOTH SIDES FOR CONDUCTING CEASE-FIRE TALKS: A VIEW OF KAESONG.

Following proposals made by Mr. Malik, the Soviet permanent representative to United Nations, in a broadcast on June 23 and conversations between Mr. Gromyko and the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, General Ridgway sent a message on June 29 to the Communist Commander-in-Chief in Korea offering to send a representative to a meeting in the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia* in Wonsan harbour to discuss an armistice. Wonsan is on the east coast of Korea, some 80 miles north of the 38th Parallel. On July 1 Peking radio broadcast a statement by the North Korean and Chinese commanders addressed

to General Ridgway, agreeing to a meeting for conducting talks concerning the cessation of military action and the establishment of peace. The Communists proposed that the place of meeting should be in the area of Kaesong near the 38th Parallel, and should take place between July 10 and 15. At the time of writing, it is believed that the Allied proposals include the establishment of a 20-mile-wide buffer zone roughly parallel to the present front line, the exchange of prisoners of war, and the establishment of an international commission to supervise the truce.



## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE ONLY TWO WOMEN TO HAVE SWUM THE 10½-MILE LENGTH OF LAKE WINDERMERE; MISS DORIS FELL (LEFT), WHO ACCOMPLISHED THE FEAT LAST YEAR WHEN AGED SIXTEEN, AND MISS JUNE KNIGHT (RIGHT), AGED EIGHTEEN, WHO SWAM IT ON JUNE 24 THIS YEAR.

Only two women have succeeded in swimming the length of Lake Windermere (10½ miles). Last September sixteen-year-old Miss Doris Fell accomplished the feat in 10 hours, 20 mins., and is shown in our left-hand photograph wading ashore with her trainer, Edward May (on the left), after her victory. On June 24 this year eighteen-year-old Miss June Knight, of Llanishen, near Cardiff, swam the length of the lake in 8 hours, 28 mins., a time of 1 hour, 52 mins. better than that set up by Miss Doris Fell. Miss Fell's trainer, Mr. Edward May, swam it in 7½ hours last year, but the record still remains with Mr. Charles Daly, of Chorlton-on-Medlock, who did the swim in 6 hours, 22 mins. in August, 1934.



**PROFESSOR E. D. ADRIAN, O.M.**  
Appointed to the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, in succession to Dr. G. M. Trevelyan. Professor Adrian, who was elected President of the Royal Society last November, was awarded the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1932. He has been Professor of Physiology at Cambridge University since 1937.



**MR. G. GEOFFREY SMITH.**  
Died on June 29, aged sixty-six. For many years a director of Iliffe and Sons, he served in the R.F.C. and R.A.F. in World War I., and his technical knowledge was of great use in World War II. He was managing editor of the *Autocar*, *Flight* and technical periodicals, and author of many handbooks.



**MR. PETER CHEYNEY.**  
Died on June 26, aged fifty-five. He was the author of crime stories which enjoyed a wide circulation. Since 1936 his books had averaged about two a year. His first crime story was "This Man is Dangerous," which was an immediate success; his last book, "Ladies Won't Wait," was published in April. He was editor of the *St. John Ambulance Gazette* from 1928 to 1943.



**MR. ERIC DRAKE.**  
General Manager of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Persia, was moved from Abadan to Basra to avoid the complications that would arise if he were arrested or otherwise personally interfered with by the Persian authorities. On June 30 he flew to London for talks with the Foreign Office and his directors.



**MR. DEREK HOBSON.**  
The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's manager at Kermanshah, West Persia, who was dispossessed of his office, warned the "take-over" commission that if the operations of the British staff were interfered with they would resign collectively. After his office was taken over he worked at home.



TO AWAIT A TRIBAL DECISION ON WHETHER HE MAY RETURN TO THE BAMANGWATO TERRITORY: TSHEKEDI KHAMA, THE EX-REGENT. The House of Commons debated a Liberal-Conservative motion, urging the Government to rescind the order of banishment imposed on Tshekedi Khama on June 26. The motion was negated by 300 votes to 279, but it was announced that the Bamangwato tribesmen had been invited to hold a kgotla, or tribal meeting, to decide whether or not they wanted Tshekedi back.



TO CAPTAIN THE OXFORD CRICKET XI. IN THE MATCH AGAINST CAMBRIDGE: MURRAY HOFMEYR.



TO CAPTAIN THE CAMBRIDGE CRICKET XI. AGAINST OXFORD: JOHN J. WARR. A South African, Murray Hofmeyr, of Pretoria and Worcester College, is to captain the Oxford Cricket XI. in the match against Cambridge at Lord's on July 7 to 10. As well as a cricketer, he is an English Rugby international and Oxford Rugby Blue. J. J. Warr, of Ealing Grammar School and Emmanuel, is captain of the Cambridge side.



SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS IMPRISONMENT AND CONDEMNED TO DEATH RESPECTIVELY: ARCHBISHOP GROZ AND FERENC VEZER. On June 28 sentence was passed on seven of the persons being tried for treason in Hungary. Archbishop Jozsef Groz (aged sixty-three) was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment, five others received terms of imprisonment, and the Pauline prior, Ferenc Vezér, who is alleged to have confessed to murdering a Russian soldier in 1944, was sentenced to death. New trials were ordered for two other defendants.



## A MISCELLANY OF WORLD EVENTS: GREAT AFFAIRS AND SPORTING ITEMS.



THE MEDWAY SAILING-BARGE RACE FROM GILLINGHAM ROUND THE NORE FORTS AND BACK TO THE STARTING-POINT: *HAROLD*, *STURGEON*, *VALDORA* AND *GLADYS* DURING THE EVENT. Three classes of sailing-barges competed in the annual Medway Sailing-barge race on June 30. The class for bowsprit barges was won by *Thoma II.*, that for staysail barges by *Henry*, and that for small barge-yachts by *Nancy Grey*. Our photograph, which shows entrants during the race, represents a scene worthy of the brush of a great marine painter such as one of the Van de Velde brothers. The entrants shown are *Harold*, *Sturgeon*, *Valdora* and *Gladys*.



THE TWENTY-FIRST GREYHOUND DERBY: THE WINNER, "BALLYLANIGAN TANIST"; AND ITS OWNER MR. A. N. DUPONT RECEIVING THE TROPHY FROM LORD BURGHLEY. The 21st Greyhound Derby was run at the White City, London, on June 30, when the attendance reached the figure of 62,000, the largest since the war. The race was won by Mr. A. N. Dupont's *Ballylanigan Tanist*, which started second favourite at 11 to 4, and completed the course in 28.62 secs., a record time for a Greyhound Derby. The favourite, *Black Mira*, was second, two-and-a-half lengths behind.



BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE HAGUE: SIR FRANK SOSKICE, THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL, AT NORTHOLT WITH LADY SOSKICE.

The Attorney-General, Sir Frank Soskice, left London by air on June 29 and on June 30 presented the British Government's case in the International Court of Justice at The Hague, after having thanked the President for the promptness with which the Court had been recalled from vacation. He returned to London on July 1.



THE SCOTTISH WINNER OF THE "ANNIE OAKLEY" CUP AT BISLEY: MISS JESSIE ENGLISH.

Miss Jessie English, an Edinburgh Civil Servant, won the "Annie Oakley" Cup at the National Small Bore Rifle-Shooting Association Jubilee Meeting at Bisley on July 1. She scored 294 out of a possible 300, to tie with Mrs. E. D. Palmer, tied again with 296, and on a third tie won by a single point, with 299.



KIDNAPPED JUNE 30—BACK IN POWER JULY 1: THE SIAMESE PRIME MINISTER, PIBUL SONGGRAM.

The Siamese Premier, Pibul Songgram (shown with his wife), was on June 30 kidnapped by armed sailors during an official ceremony. After thirty-six hours of fighting in Bangkok between the Navy and the Army, Air Force and Police, order was restored and the Premier [released and returned to power.

THE HEARING OF THE BRITISH CASE IN CONNECTION WITH THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY DISPUTE: THE INTERNATIONAL COURT OF JUSTICE AT THE HAGUE IN SESSION.

The International Court of Justice at The Hague on June 30 heard from the Attorney-General the British Government's request that it should indicate to the Persian Government interim measures to protect the position of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. M. Basadevant, the President, previously announced that the Persian Government had stated they did not wish to be represented, and could not recognise the Court's jurisdiction. Persian delegates were in court as observers.





# QUARTER-FINALISTS AND "GIANT-KILLERS" AT WIMBLEDON: THE END OF THE FIRST WEEK.



THE FIRST NEGRESS TO PLAY AT WIMBLEDON: MISS A. GIBSON (U.S.) (RIGHT) SEEN WITH MISS B. BAKER (U.S.), WHO BEAT HER 6-1, 6-3.



A BRITISH PLAYER WHO REACHED THE FOURTH ROUND: MISS J. QUERTIER, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MISS D. HART (U.S.A.) 6-4, 6-3.



ONE OF THE SIX AMERICANS IN THE QUARTER-FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: MISS S. FRY, WHO BEAT MISS L. CORNEIL, FORMER BRITISH JUNIOR CHAMPION.



SEED NO. 7 AND IN THE QUARTER-FINAL OF THE WOMEN'S SINGLES: MISS N. CHAFFEE (U.S.A.).



ONE OF TWO BRITISH COMPETITORS IN THE QUARTER-FINAL: MRS. J. J. WALKER-SMITH, SEED NO. 8 AT WIMBLEDON.

# STARS OF THE CENTRE COURT AND A ROYAL SPECTATOR: THE WIMBLEDON SCENE.



SEED NO. 3 AT WIMBLEDON AND IN THE QUARTER-FINAL: MISS D. HART (U.S.A.), WHO BEAT MISS J. QUERTIER (G.B.) IN THE FOURTH ROUND.



SEED NO. 2 AND ONE OF THE QUARTER-FINALISTS: MRS. W. DU PONT (U.S.A.), WHO BEAT MISS S. W. DAWSON-SCOTT (G.B.) IN THE FOURTH ROUND.



THE ONLY UNSEEDED PLAYER, AND ONE OF THE TWO BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES, IN THE QUARTER-FINAL: MISS KAY TUCKEY (RIGHT).



THE ONLY UNSEEDED PLAYER IN THE MEN'S QUARTER-FINAL: A. VIEIRA (BRAZIL) SEEN (RIGHT) WITH H. RICHARDSON (U.S.A.), WHOM HE BEAT IN THE FOURTH ROUND. RICHARDSON HAD BEATEN THE HOLDER, RUDGE PATTY.

AT the end of the first week's play at Wimbledon the eight competitors left in the Men's Singles were H. Flam (U.S.), R. Savitt (U.S.), A. Vieira (Brazil), L. Bergelin (Sweden), F. Sedgman (Australia), A. Larsen (U.S.), E. W. Sturgess (South Africa), and K. McGregor (Australia). The 8 competitors left in the Women's Singles were Mrs. W. Du Pont (U.S.), Miss B. Baker (U.S.), Miss D. Hart (U.S.), Miss N. Chaffee (U.S.), Mrs. J. J. Walker-Smith (G.B.), Miss S. Fry (U.S.), Miss K. L. A. Tuckey (G.B.) and Miss L. Brough (U.S.). Of the ten players seeded for the men's championship, seven reached the last eight—B. Patty (U.S.) was beaten by H. Richardson (U.S.) in the second round.

(Continued opposite.)



A ROYAL AND CRITICAL SPECTATOR OF THE PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON ON JUNE 30: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY IN THE ROYAL BOX WITH (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) THE EARL OF ATHLONE, MR. LEWIS DOUGLAS, FORMER U.S. AMBASSADOR IN LONDON; THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. CLEMENT ATLEE; AND MRS. ATLEE.



(Continued.) J. Drobny (Egypt) was beaten by A. J. Mottram (G.B.) in the third round, and G. Mulloy (U.S.A.) was beaten by F. Gardini (Italy), also in the third round. Of the eight seeded for the women's championship seven reached the final eight with the addition of Miss Kay Tuckey (G.B.). It will be remembered that though Mrs. P. C. Todd (U.S.) was seeded No. 6 she is not competing at Wimbledon. The event of the week was A. J. Mottram's defeat of J. Drobny, the French champion, 5-7, 6-4, 2-6, 7-5, 8-6. Hopes were high that Great Britain might after all be represented in the finals of the Men's Singles, but Mottram fell a victim to the brilliant play of L. Bergelin in the fourth round.

THE FINISH OF ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING MATCHES DURING THE FIRST WEEK: J. DROBNY (CZECH), WHO WAS SEED NO. 2, (RIGHT) CONGRATULATING A. J. MOTTRAM (G.B.), WHO BEAT HIM IN THE THIRD ROUND.



SEED NO. 10 AND IN THE QUARTER-FINAL: L. BERGELIN (SWEDEN), WHO DEFEATED A. J. MOTTRAM.



SEED NO. 8 AND A QUARTER-FINALIST: E. W. STURGESS (SOUTH AFRICA), WHO BEAT R. DASTHMAL IN THE FOURTH ROUND.



SEED NO. 5 AND IN THE MEN'S SINGLES QUARTER-FINALS: H. FLAM (U.S.A.), WHO HAS NEVER BEFORE PLAYED AT WIMBLEDON.



SEED NO. 1 AND IN THE QUARTER-FINALS: F. A. SEDGMAN (AUSTRALIA), WHO WAS RUNNER-UP TO RUDGE PATTY LAST YEAR.



SEED NO. 7 AND ONE OF TWO AUSTRALIANS IN THE QUARTER-FINALS: K. MCGREGOR, WHO BEAT F. KEMY.



BEATEN BY F. A. SEDGMAN IN THE FOURTH ROUND AFTER DEFEATING G. MULLOY (U.S.A.), SEED NO. 9: F. GARDINI (ITALY) IN PLAY.



SEED NO. 6 AND IN THE MEN'S QUARTER-FINALS: R. PATTY (U.S.A.), WHO DEFEATED J. ASBOTH (HUNGARY) IN THE FOURTH ROUND.



SEED NO. 3 AND IN THE MEN'S SINGLES QUARTER-FINALS: A. LARSEN (U.S.A.) IN PLAY AGAINST T. JOHANSSON.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### THE LYNX—THE OUTLAWED WILD CAT.

THE lynxes are going down before the spread of

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

become its victims, and a single lynx has been known to slaughter up to thirty sheep in a night.

civilisation. Comprising a distinct group of cats (family *Felidae*) marked by their short tails, tufted ears, the cheek-ruffs, powerful limbs and very broad feet, they originally ranged across Europe, Northern Asia and North America. Usually described as somewhat larger than, and looking somewhat like, an overgrown tabby cat, they average 3½ ft. in length. They live mainly in northern climates or at high altitudes, where the winters are severe, the broad feet enabling them to move easily over snow without going through the icy crust. Their habitat is, for preference, the coniferous forests or other ground offering good cover. Strictly carnivorous, their natural prey are rabbits, hares, ground birds of various kinds, and young deer. Like all cats, their movement is graceful and supple, and they hunt by stealth, crouching low to approach their prey or by lying in ambush. A favourite trick is to drop from the branch of a tree on to a passing victim. They have even been known to capture a bird on the wing, leaping into the air to claw it down. Their prowess in leaping is well-marked. Leaping on to a branch 8 ft. from the ground is apparently a commonplace event.

Frank Lane, in his "Nature Parade," records, with justifiable scepticism, that "according to an Arabic manuscript of the tenth century, a Persian lynx has been known to jump 30 ft. high after a bird!" Nocturnal, proverbially keen-sighted, with eyes capable of using even the minute quantities of light available at night, lynxes have all the qualities and propensities to bring them into conflict with the interests of man, and so we find, with one notable exception, that they are dwindling throughout their range.

We are perhaps prone to think of the lynx as though there were but one species. Possibly future zoologists may recognise one species only, comprising numerous sub-species, varieties or races, as is happening with one after another of the animals ranging across the holarctic region. At present, we recognise the European lynx (*Lynx lynx lynx*) ranging from Europe to the Pacific shores of Siberia; the Thibetan lynx (*Lynx lynx isabellinus*), with a number of forms of doubtful sub-specific rank in various parts of Central Asia. In addition, there was—probably now extinct—a Spanish lynx (*Lynx pardellus*) in the Pyrenees. In North America are found the Canada lynx (*Lynx canadensis*) and the Bobcat (*L. rufus*) of the more southern parts of the U.S.A.

Throughout their range, lynxes have been persecuted and have either disappeared or are steadily disappearing. Their pelts are valuable and have figured prominently in the fur trade both in North America and in the Old World, where a ready market was at one time to hand in China. The flesh has been eaten but rarely in North America, but in certain parts of Siberia it was esteemed a delicacy. Hunting the lynx apparently provided a keen sport also. The chief reason for its disappearance would, however, appear to be its feeding habits, since hares, rabbits, game birds and others such are things over which man likes to exercise the sole prerogative. In addition, it is known to kill the red and roe deer, reindeer and elk, thus adding to its unpopularity. Where its territory abuts on that of agrarian man, sheep and goats have



FAST DISAPPEARING BEFORE THE SPREAD OF HUMAN SETTLEMENT: AN ADULT LYNX—A PHOTOGRAPH ILLUSTRATING THE FEROCIOUS ASPECT OF THIS BIG CAT OF THE NORTH WHICH IS CIRCUMPOLAR IN ITS DISTRIBUTION. IN SPITE OF ITS APPEARANCE IT PREFERS TO RUN AWAY IF FACED WITH AN AGGRESSIVE ENEMY.



AS CHARMING AS A DOMESTIC PET, AS ARE SO MANY OF THE BIG CATS WHEN YOUNG: A LYNX KITTEN ABOUT A MONTH OLD, SHOWING THE CHARACTERISTIC TUFTED EARS. Photographs by Richard Harrington, Canada.

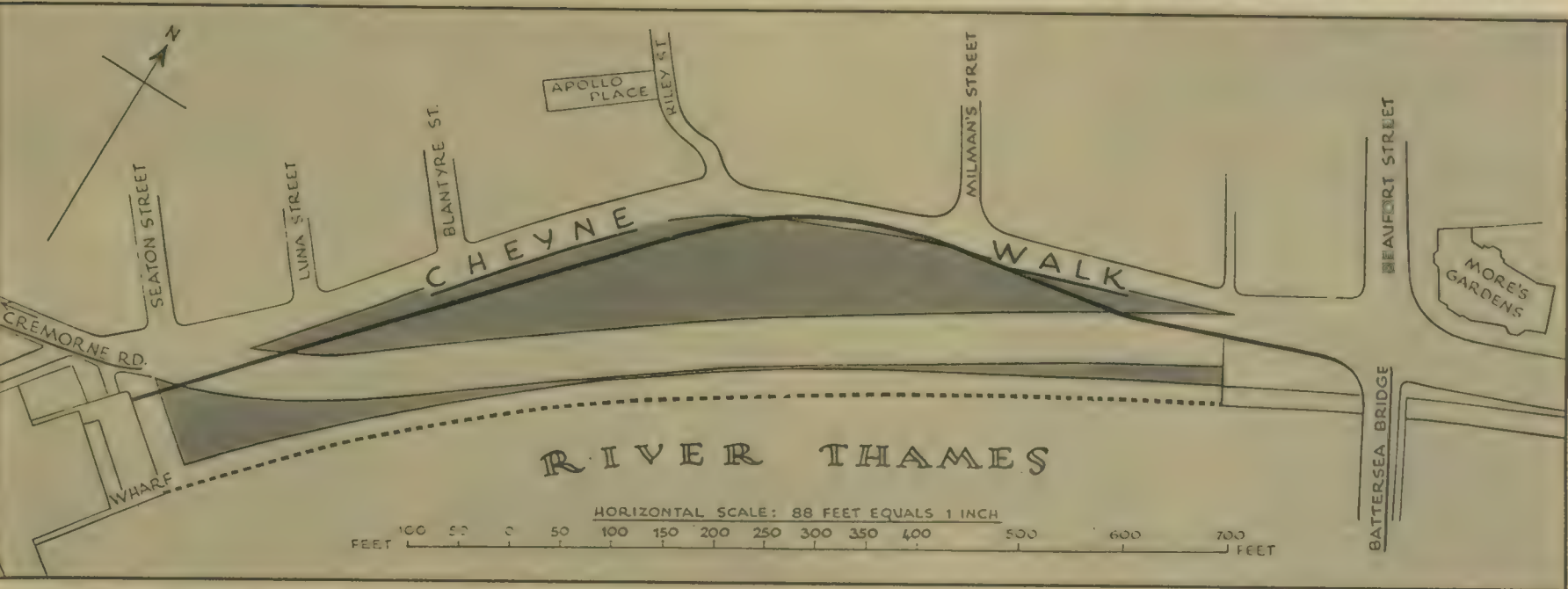
The voice of the lynx is a kind of caterwauling, a yell that splits the night, beside which the voice of the domestic cat is said to be pure harmony. It may be that this explains its early disappearance in Britain—since, according to popular belief, we are not a musical nation. At all events, although the lynx lived in Britain in the Pleistocene period, something over a million years ago, its subsequent history here is obscure. It has been suggested that it may have lingered on into historic time, but this is more assumption than anything else. On the other hand, it also disappeared early in Denmark, during the Stone and Bronze Ages. By contrast, it has persisted in other parts of Europe until very recent times. In Switzerland and Italy it survived until the second half of the nineteenth century. The last was killed in Bulgaria in 1907, in Austria in 1918, in France in 1922. It is extinct in Yugoslavia and Hungary, though it survived in the Carpathians and in Greece until a few years ago, at all events, and it is rare in Rumania. In Scandinavia it was pushed back into the northern provinces where, in 1937, it was on the verge of extinction, but in Sweden, where it was common until a century ago, it is now rare and the remnants are protected. Germany had an occasional straggler only for several centuries past and a few probably remain. Elsewhere in Europe, from Poland eastwards, and throughout Siberia, its distribution is irregular, but it seems to be everywhere decreasing in numbers.

The Canadian lynx shows the same recession in its range and numbers, disappearing everywhere with the advent of human settlement. On the other hand, the Bobcat (from its short, bobbed tail) or Wild Cat, of the U.S.A., continues to exist in fair numbers even in settled country. Smaller than the Canada lynx, with shorter fur, it appears to be more adaptable. Or perhaps it is that being of smaller size it can more readily find cover and live more easily on smaller prey.

In conclusion, perhaps one may draw attention to a phrase which, like the animal to which it has allusion, appears to be dying out. Years ago it was common to label as lynx-eyed anyone who was more than usually observant. There is this to be said for the loss of the phrase, that it was founded on a misconception. Nocturnal animals have eyes in which acuity of vision has been sacrificed in favour of an ability to make use of even small quantities of light on a broad visual field. The human eye has a small area of acute vision, a patch of cones on the retina known as the *macula lutea*. The rest of the retina is made up of mixed rods and cones, which give an ill-defined peripheral vision ("seeing out of the corner of your eye"). At night the rods only come into action. They do not register colour, so at night we see only shades of black and grey and white. Nocturnal animals, like the lynx, have rods only, and it is a fair guess that they see only in black and white, or grey, and that they see movement rather than acute detail. Lynx-eyed should, therefore, connote ability to see in the dark (i.e., the equivalent of the more modern "cat's-eyes") rather than acute observation.



WHAT IS TO HAPPEN TO CHELSEA'S FAMOUS CHEYNE WALK RIVER FRONT.



THE NEW CHELSEA EMBANKMENT SCHEME, ILLUSTRATED IN A PLAN: THE PRESENT RIVER WALL FOLLOWS THE CURVE OF CHEYNE WALK; THE PROJECTED ONE RUNS IN A STRAIGHT LINE FROM BATTERSEA BRIDGE TO KENSINGTON WHARF. THE GROUND RECOVERED FROM THE RIVER (SHADED) WILL CARRY GARDENS AND A NEW ARTERIAL ROAD.



THE SITE BETWEEN BATTERSEA BRIDGE AND LOTS ROAD, WHICH WILL BE AFFECTED BY THE NEW PLAN: AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE SCENE CLEAR OF SHIPPING.



THE SAME SCENE AS THAT SHOWN ON THE LEFT, AS IT IS TO-DAY, WITH HOUSEBOATS AND BOAT-COMPANY APPURTENANCES MOORED OFF THE RIVER WALL.



THE OVER-RULING FACTOR BEHIND THE CHELSEA PLAN: TWO PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING 100 YEARS OLD AND IS IN NEED OF REBUILDING.



THE PRESENT SAGGING AND ERODED CONDITION OF THE RIVER WALL, WHICH IS AT LEAST 100 YEARS OLD AND IS IN NEED OF REBUILDING.

Plans to rebuild and re-align the Thames river-wall in front of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, were considered by Chelsea Borough Council on June 27, and approved in principle with little opposition. At present the wall follows a re-entrant curve, parallel with Cheyne Walk, between Battersea Bridge and Lots Road Power Station; and in this shallow bay are moored a number of houseboats and a boat company's moorings and shore appendages. It is a scene of great though higgledy-piggledy charm, and the actual road in front of the picturesque houses of Cheyne Walk is being used by an increasing amount of

east-west motor traffic. The plan, which is estimated to cost between £210,000 and £230,000, is briefly as follows. A new river wall is to be built, almost direct from Battersea Bridge to the wharf at the end of Cremorne Road. This will reclaim a considerable area from the river; and this area will be used, as shown on the plan, to carry an arterial road running between open spaces, in front of Cheyne Walk, which will be transformed into a service road for local traffic. The plan is stated to comply with the Port of London Authority's wishes as regards the control of the river.



# A ROYAL GIFT TO WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, AND UNUSUAL ITEMS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



(RIGHT.) HIS MAJESTY'S PERSONAL GIFT TO THE CATHEDRAL AT WASHINGTON, D.C.: A SILVER ALTAR CROSS AND CANDLESTICKS, THE CROSS BEING A REPLICA OF THE ROYAL VICTORIAN ORDER ALTAR PLATE.

It was arranged that these silver candlesticks and cross, which the King has presented as his personal gift to the Cathedral at Washington, should be dedicated at St. Paul's Cathedral on July 4. They are for use on the high altar and are to commemorate the attendance there of many British subjects during the war. The cross is the design of the late Professor R. M. Y. Cleadowe, the candlesticks being designed to match by Professor R. Y. Godden.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY IN FLOWERS: A SPECIAL FESTIVAL YEAR EXHIBIT AT TIDESWELL, DERBYSHIRE, WHERE THE ANNUAL WELL-DRESSING CUSTOM IS STILL KEPT UP.



A CAR "GOES TO CHURCH": A ROVER "75" EXHIBITED IN THE LONG-UNCONSECRATED SHELL OF MAASTRICHT'S DOMINICAN CHURCH, SCENE OF A RECENT MOTOR SHOW.



A FINE AND RARE DATED SELJUK BRONZE INCENSE-BURNER IN ANIMAL FORM, ACQUIRED BY NEW YORK'S METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

This incense-burner in the form of a composite animal, part lion, part cat, bears inscriptions that indicate that it was made by Jafar, son of Muhammad, son of Ali, in the year 577 of the Mohammedan era (1181-2 A.D.). Very few Seljuk bronzes of this era are dated. It is Persian work and stands 33 ins. high.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT PINS ON A WINNING ROSETTE AT THE METROPOLITAN POLICE HORSE SHOW.

On June 29 H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, attended by the Countess of Birkenhead, was present at the Metropolitan Police Horse Show and Tournament at Imber Court. She is here seen awarding the rosette to the winner of the V.C. race. In this race the riders, besides clearing an obstacle, collect and carry a dummy back to the winning post.



A TOUCH OF PARIS IN THE CITY OF LONDON: AN OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT, WITH GARDEN ADORNMENT, CREATED ON A BOMB SITE AND FORMING AN ISLAND IN THE TRAFFIC NEAR KING WILLIAM STREET.



A ZULU WEDDING DANCE IN KENSINGTON GORE: AN UNUSUAL ITEM AT THE GARDEN PARTY OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY ON JUNE 27.

Zulu dancing is not customary in Kensington Gore; but Kensington, like the prophet Habakkuk, is capable of anything, and the garden party of the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington Gore was certainly the occasion of the lively scene shown in our photograph above.



## THE TRANSFER OF THE COCOS ISLANDS.



A COCOS ISLANDS LAGOON SCENE, WITH A FORMER LANDING-CRAFT APPROACHING THE BEACH. THESE ISLANDS ARE BEING TRANSFERRED TO AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION.



THE COCOS ISLANDS' CHIEF LINK WITH THE OUTER WORLD: THE CABLE AND WIRELESS STATION ON DIRECTION ISLAND. THIS IS MANNED BY A EUROPEAN STAFF.



THE DISUSED R.A.F. BUILDINGS ON WEST ISLAND IN THE COCOS. THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT HAVE ANNOUNCED THEIR INTENTION OF DEVELOPING THE AIRSTRIP.

The Cocos or Keeling Islands, a group of twenty-seven small coral islands in the Indian Ocean 1161 miles from Singapore, were discovered by William Keeling in 1609, but were not settled until the last century, when John Clunies-Ross established himself there. Since that date a member of the Clunies-Ross family has always been "King of the Cocos Islands," the group being declared a British possession in 1857. Since 1903 they have been administered by the Singapore authorities; but on June 22 it was announced that they were to be transferred to Australia, the Australian Government desiring to develop the airstrip on West Island as a link in Commonwealth strategy. The transfer, it is stated, does not affect the title of the Clunies-Ross family. The principal crop cultivated is coconuts; and copra, oil and nuts are exported. The total population in 1949 was about 1760, almost entirely of Malay extraction.

## MODERN TANKS AND A 1914-18 VETERAN.

On June 29, for the benefit of foreign military attachés, the Driving and Maintenance School of the Royal Armoured Corps Training Centre staged an armoured fighting vehicle demonstration at Bovington. Among the vehicles demonstrated were the new heavy tank, the 49-ton *Centurion* Mark III, (which has seen service in Korea and has a speed of 24½ m.p.h.); the 33-ton *Comet* and the 28-ton *Cromwell* (both of which can reach 32½ m.p.h.); two self-propelled anti-tank guns; a *Churchill* flame-thrower and a *Churchill* bridge-layer. By way of pointing the contrast, a 29-ton Mark V tank of the 1914-18 war went through its paces, ploughing over hill and dale at four miles an hour, under the command of Major Beales, who had been a sergeant-instructor on it in 1917. Some striking feats were demonstrated, a *Cromwell*, as we show, flying through the air for 30 ft. and a *Centurion* dropping over a 40-ft. cliff to make a good landing.



AN "AIRBORNE" TANK: A 28-TON CROMWELL LEAVING A RAMP AT SPEED AND TRAVELLING 30 FT. THROUGH THE AIR, BEFORE LANDING SAFELY AND PULLING UP.

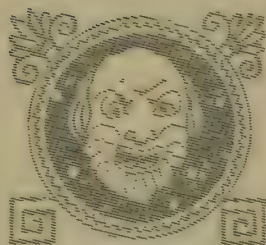
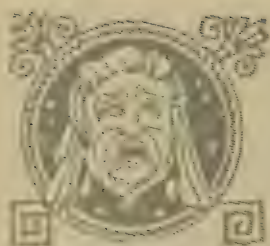


THE ARMY'S LATEST TANK, THE 49-TON CENTURION MARK III., HEAVING ITSELF OVER AN OBSTACLE AT A RECENT DEMONSTRATION AT BOVINGTON.



STILL GAME AFTER THIRTY-FOUR YEARS: A MARK V TANK OF 1917 VINTAGE, SHOWING ITS PACES—A MAXIMUM OF FOUR MILES AN HOUR—DURING THE DEMONSTRATION.





# The World of the Theatre.

## LOOK AT THE CLOCK.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"LOOK at the clock!" says someone in an Ingoldsby Legend. An entrant in a one-act play contest I judged some time ago was most clock-conscious. He sent a script that, quilted with long pauses, might have taken ten minutes to perform. Clearly, this dramatist had learned one rule of play-writing; but he had learned it too well. In trying to be brief and to avoid padding, he had turned his piece into a Burleigh's Nod from which we had to divine the most complex things. I recalled the producer who—relying as much as Mr. Puff upon the high mental powers of the hearer—is reputed to have said: "Now, Mr. Z, at this point you enter left, conveying by your expression that your aunt in Johannesburg has been entombed in a gold-mine."

It is rare that we find a one-act play of just the right length: which we do not leave grumbling either that the dramatist has spun it out, or that he has tried to cram a bale into a nutshell. The first complaint is the more usual—and after a piece of any length, in one act or three. So many writers, having found a hopeful idea, then maul it by putting the poor thing on the rack and extending it, in mortal agony, across an entire evening.

Of all modern dramatists, Bernard Shaw was the happiest with the long play. He liked to have room to flourish and swoop: he would insert the wildest incidents in order that he might carry on his dialogue, give himself more time to talk. Often he did not bother about incident at all: he merely talked, and when the talk was of the first Shavian quality—I underline the "first"—it could, and can, keep us willing listeners. The "Don Juan in Hell" scene of

John Clements, in his Princes revival, now rightly gives to Shavians a chance (once a week, Saturdays only) to hear the full play: all four acts, with "Don Juan in Hell," complete with the bandits of the Sierra at its head and tail.

I had met the Dream scene twice before, once when Esme Percy acted the entire part (Tanner-into-Don Juan and back) at the Cambridge Theatre between the wars; and again when Alec Clunes, five years ago at the Arts, celebrated Shaw's ninetieth birthday with the great Shavian frisk, then played

the Devil and Charles Boyer as Juan—is staging the Hell scene as a philosophical debate without reference to the main play.

Here Shaw disregarded stage convention and allowed himself to talk until he had finished: he had not one eye upon the clock. In his regulation one-act pieces, of which we have now seen all eighteen at the Arts Theatre, he had to be a clock-watcher, and clearly it did not suit him. There are fewer ideas in these one-acters than we would have expected: there is often a stroke of wit, but we seldom feel, as we do in "Don Juan," that the author had any special urgency.

We recognise tantalising kingfisher flashes of ideas that reappear in the major plays. Not many of the pieces sustain our excitement. Shaw drags out a joke, as in "Press Cuttings"; he tweets gently, as in "The Fascinating Foundling"; he is quite unShavian as in "The Glimpse of Reality," a mediaeval "tragedietta"; but only twice or thrice, as in "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," in "The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet" (though this is inclined to be verbose), and, perhaps, in "Great Catherine," does he contrive to match his material with his allotted time. Maybe, and to my surprise, I should add "Village Wooing." In the third programme at the Arts—one of a series excellently cast and managed—the little piece suddenly shone. Brenda Bruce and Maurice Denham, acting with a quiet truth (this was a wisely-keyed performance), found every point, and we were never aware that Shaw was clock-watching.

Doubtless Randall Higgenett, the monk of Chester who is reputed to have written



"ANOTHER MOVING RESURRECTION OF A MEDIAEVAL CYCLE": THE CHESTER MIRACLE PLAYS IN THE CHESTER CATHEDRAL REFECTORY, SHOWING ADAM AND EVE AND THE DEVIL IN THE FIRST PLAY OF THE ADAPTED VERSION "IN THE BEGINNING."



NOAH AND HIS FAMILY PERSUADING NOAH'S WIFE TO BOARD THE ARK WITH HER GOSSIPS: A SCENE FROM THE FIRST PLAY, "IN THE BEGINNING," IN THE CYCLE OF THE CHESTER MIRACLE PLAYS WHICH WERE RECENTLY RE-ENACTED IN THE CATHEDRAL REFECTORY.

"Man and Superman" is an example. It is the "Shavio-Socratic dialogue," as G.B.S. called it, in which John Tanner, conveniently dreaming in the Sierra, finds himself as Don Juan, his ancestor, in rushing debate with the Devil, the Statue, and the Lady (Ana, who is Ann Whitefield). It is a bonfire of words, and it is entirely without physical action: all the action is in the mind while the four personages talk and talk in the Void near Hell which Shaw introduces in an unforgettable stage direction: "The peaks show unfathomably dark against the starry firmament; but now the stars dim and vanish; and the sky seems to steal away out of the universe. Instead of the Sierra there is nothing: omnipresent nothing. No sky, no peaks, no light, no sound, no time nor space, utter void." (It might almost be a description of last year's worst light comedy.)

The debate that develops in the void, Shaw on Creative Evolution and anything that takes his fancy, is generally cut from "Man and Superman," just as certain speeches are cut from a routine acting version of "Hamlet": there we find ourselves steeplechasing after an adapter and regretting the loss of, say, "this post-haste and romage in the land" or "Why, even in that was heaven ordinant." As with "Hamlet," so with "Man and Superman": once a playgoer has heard the full version, he finds the substitute hard to accept.

"simple of itself" and without the bandits. That was pleasant; but it is much more exciting to find the act in the middle of the evening: an endurance test, maybe, but one that every Shavian is ready to chance. John Clements, taking the act in his stride, is strongly eloquent as Tanner-Juan, with Esme Percy's Devil ("It is universally admitted in good society that the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman"), Kay Hammond as Ana, and D. A. Clarke-Smith as the majestic Statue—a superb stage picture—to keep the fire ablaze. It has also been blazing, I understand, in the North of England, where the so-called First Drama Quartet, from America—with Charles Laughton as



THE LAST SUPPER: A SCENE FROM THE THIRD PLAY, "THE PASSION," IN THE CHESTER MIRACLE PLAYS WHICH WERE STAGED IN CHESTER DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE TO MARK THE 1951 FESTIVAL. SOME OF THE FINEST POETRY OF THE WHOLE CYCLE IS FOUND IN THE LAST PLAY.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAN AND SUPERMAN" (Princes).—The complete play, with its third act—largely the "Don Juan in Hell" scene—is now acted on Saturdays, a five-hour session, with John Clements, Kay Hammond, D. A. Clarke-Smith, and Esme Percy (who has joined the cast to take the Devil and Mendoza) in full eloquent spate. (First performance, June 2.) "GHOSTS" (Embassy).—Ibsen's drama of heredity held the mind as usual, in spite of an up-and-down performance. Beatrix Lehmann's Mrs. Alving found her stature at the end; there was a really expressive Regina by Siobhan McKenna; and Frederick Valk nearly blew the often thinly-played Manders out of the theatre. (June 12.) "BREACH OF MARRIAGE" (Scala).—A revival of the artificial play about artificial insemination. Only Sheila Manahan and Liam Redmond (of the British cast to appear in New York) had any special quality. (June 14.) THE CHESTER MIRACLES (Chester).—Another moving resurrection of a mediaeval Cycle. (June 18.) SHAW ONE-ACT PLAYS: III. (Arts).—One small triumph ("Village Wooing"), one elongated joke ("Overruled"), an oddity ("The Glimpse of Reality"), and two 1914-18 topicalities ("Augustus Does His Bit" and "Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress"). All agreeably staged and acted. (June 20.) "COME LIVE WITH ME" (Vaudeville).—An elaborately-built comedy, by Dorothy and Campbell Christie, that depends upon theatrics. Its people are dummies, though Jessica Royce Landis, as a retired opera-singer, manages to hide the fact. (June 21.)

the Chester Miracle Plays, measured his time carefully enough when he was preparing the Cycle for the Whitsun circuit of the Guilds. But we cannot trace this in his work, bound together adroitly by Betty and Joseph McCulloch for revival in the noble refectory of Chester Cathedral. I saw an afternoon performance of some of the early pieces combined under the title, "In the Beginning," with the figure of the Lord speaking behind a lighted gauze, from the wall-pulpit where a reader would have stood while his fellow-monks were at meals. Cheshire rural amateurs spoke with unforced feeling. The simple verse, as in the Abraham-and-Isaac play, has the spirit of daybreak:

Would God, my mother were here with me!  
She would kneel upon her knee,  
Praying you, father, it might be  
For to save my life.

I am afraid that Dorothy and Campbell Christie, the authors of "Come Live With Me" (Vaudeville), must have been watching the clock. For an act things go moderately: then, in an effort to prolong a preposterous fable of a retired opera-singer, returned husband, wandering young people, odd domestics, and a little blackmail, the dramatists have let the play peter and die. It has one buoyant study by Jessie Royce Landis. When she is on the stage we are less anxious about the passage of time.





WITH NOTRE DAME AS BACKGROUND: "LE VRAI MISTERE DE LA PASSION," PART OF THE BIMILLENARY CELEBRATIONS IN PARIS.

The celebrations arranged in connection with the bimillenary of Paris include a solemn and magnificent production of a fifteenth-century religious mystery play, "Le Vrai Mistere de la Passion," produced in the very heart of the city, outside the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The great west front of the ancient pile forms an eminently suitable background for the production, which has a cast of 1200 persons. Our photograph—taken at the final

rehearsal—shows the scene representing the Crucifixion, and gives some idea of the moving quality of the ancient religious play. It forms an interesting comparison with the illustrations of the Mystery Plays produced at Chester in connection with the Festival of Britain given on our theatre page. Readers will recall that in our issue of June 23, Mr. J. C. Trewin wrote of the beauty of the production of the York Mystery Plays.

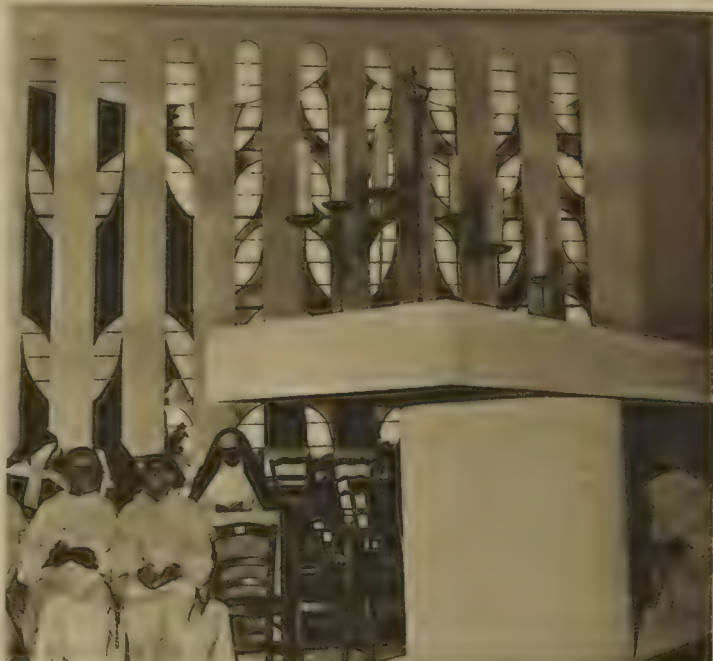


## IN FRANCE, SCOTLAND, AND ENGLAND: EVENTS ROYAL, HIGHLAND, RELIGIOUS.



(LEFT.) DESIGNED BY THE FRENCH ARTIST, HENRI MATISSE: THE EXTERIOR OF THE NEWLY CONSECRATED CHAPEL OF THE DOMINICANS AT VENCE, NOT FAR FROM NICE.

In gratitude to the Dominicans of Vence, in the Alpes Maritimes, for their care of him during illness, Henri Matisse, the famous French artist designed for them a new chapel at Vence. It was recently consecrated, although the artist himself could not be present on account of illness. Matisse designed both exterior and interior, the former being white with a blue-and-white-tiled roof, the latter containing stained glass, and murals in black-on-white tiles, designed by Matisse. The Provincial of the Dominicans, celebrating Mass, wore vestments based on the same theme as the stained glass.



PART OF THE INTERIOR OF THE VENCE CHAPEL, SHOWING SOME OF THE STAINED GLASS DESIGNED BY HENRI MATISSE. HE ALSO DESIGNED THREE LARGE MURALS.



SOME OF THE FRASER CLAN AT THE CLAN RALLY AT BEAUFORT CASTLE: (CENTRE) LORD AND LADY LOVAT AND (LEFT, BELOW FLAG) SIR IAN FRASER, M.P.

Over 5000 members of the Clan Fraser, from all parts of the world, took part on June 21 in the Clan Fraser Rally arranged by the Chief, Lord Lovat, at Beaufort Castle. Inverness was represented by its Provost, Mr. J. M. Grigor; there were two Fraser M.P.s present, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Lord Lovat's brother, and Sir Ian Fraser; Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, M.P., Lord Lovat's brother-in-law; and many past and present members of the Lovat Scouts. After Highland Games, there was a march-past of the Clan on the Field of Downie, after which the Chief addressed the clansmen.



PROVOST J. GRIGOR OF INVERNESS (CENTRE) SPEAKING AT THE CLAN FRASER RALLY. (LEFT) LORD LOVAT, CHIEF OF THE CLAN, AND (RIGHT) SIR IAN FRASER, M.P. OVER 5,000 CLANSMEN WERE PRESENT AT THE RALLY.



NURSING CADETS OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE MARCHING PAST PRINCESS MARGARET ON DONCASTER RACECOURSE DURING THE GREAT RALLY ON JUNE 30.



PRINCESS MARGARET LAUGHING AT SOME OF THE DEMONSTRATIONS STAGED BY THE CADETS AT THEIR CAMP. THE TUB EXHIBIT WAS CALLED "PERSONAL HYGIENE." On June 30 Princess Margaret, who is Commandant-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade cadets, visited Doncaster to see a great cadet rally. She visited them in camp at Firbeck, where she saw various displays; she saw a film of St. John Ambulance activities; she attended a civic reception and luncheon, and she saw a march-past of contingents of cadets from seven Northern counties and inspected them.





HOW A TENNIS STROKE APPEARS TO A WIMBLEDON SPECTATOR AFTER WATCHING SEVERAL HOURS OF PLAY: A STROBOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. C. HARRISON SERVING.



OF EQUAL INTEREST TO THE TENNIS ENTHUSIAST AND THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER: A FOREHAND DRIVE BY MISS KAY TUCKEY, WHO HAS BEEN COMPETING AT WIMBLEDON.

#### A TENNIS ENTHUSIAST'S WIMBLEDON NIGHTMARE—OR TENNIS STROKES ANALYSED BY STROBOSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

At the conclusion of the Wimbledon fortnight, which ends to-day (July 7), an enthusiastic spectator who has followed every stroke made in the succession of contests might well view the finals with a "stroboscopic" eye. These interesting multiflash stroboscopic photographs were taken in the Department of Electrical Engineering of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and demonstrate the value of such photography not only in sports coaching, but also in complex industrial processes. The

stroboscope was invented by the Belgian Joseph A. F. Plateau (1801-83), to study the motion of a body by illuminating it at frequent intervals or by viewing it through the openings of a revolving disc. The interval between the exposures in the photographs shown here was one-sixtieth of a second. Miss Kay Tuckey, who has been competing at Wimbledon, was a member of the Wightman Cup team in 1949 and 1950. Mrs. C. Harrison (Mrs. Hilton, *née* Betty Clements) was not competing this year.



## THE KAIETEUR FALL.

### A LITTLE-KNOWN MARVEL IN THE TROPICAL FOREST OF BRITISH GUIANA.

By IRIS DARNTON,

*A well-known Ornithologist and World-wide Traveller.*

THE Kaieteur Fall in British Guiana—our sole possession in South America—is justly ranked as one of the highest and most beautiful waterfalls in the world. Situated on the Potaro River, a tributary of the mighty Essequibo, the fall is, by land, extremely difficult of approach, as the high escarpment over which the waters plunge lies in the heart of the tropical forest which here, in British Guiana, covers many thousands of square miles of the interior. Recently, however, for those wishing to avoid the overland journey, which entails many days of arduous travel, arrangements have been made with British Guiana Airways, whereby a small amphibian Grumman *Goose* may be chartered, which, leaving Georgetown, the capital, in the morning, lands on the Potaro River less than a couple of hours later.

This expedition to Kaieteur and back by plane is a unique and unforgettable experience, even to those of us who have travelled the world by air. After leaving the alluvial coastal belt, with its rectangular fields of sugar-cane, one flies up the wide, brown flood of the Essequibo as far as Bartica—a small, isolated town built on a low promontory, where the Essequibo and the almost equally broad waters of the Mazuruni and Cuyuni Rivers meet. This little landmark, which we glimpse beneath us, is, however, our last link with civilisation until our return to Georgetown in the evening for, leaving the Essequibo on our right, we take a direct route over the unbroken expanse of the vast equatorial forest, which now stretches beneath us as far as the eye can reach. Giant trees in great variety, their branches laden with orchids and epiphytes, compose this forest, but their crowns are so closely packed and crowded together that, from the air, they give the impression of an unending, mossy carpet in varying shades of green, enlivened and enriched with colour where the trees have burst into bloom: pools of jacaranda blue, patches of yellow and clouds of white and rosy pink, while here and there lie drifts of scarlet, like splashes of spilt blood. Occasionally a river comes into view, winding brown and shadowy through its ravine of trees, and once a pair of giant birds, possibly harpy eagles, passed swiftly beneath our wings.

As we flew on, flat-topped mountains rose dark against the sky ahead, and presently we were flying

the pilot banked and turned, and suddenly we saw that the head of the gorge was blocked by a great wall of tumbling water—the Kaieteur Fall. Billowing clouds of spray, spanned by a brilliant rainbow, drifted this

up a deep gorge, its high, precipitous sides hung with tropical creepers and strange, exotic plants; while below us a river found its way among the jumble of rocks strewn along the valley's narrow floor. Then

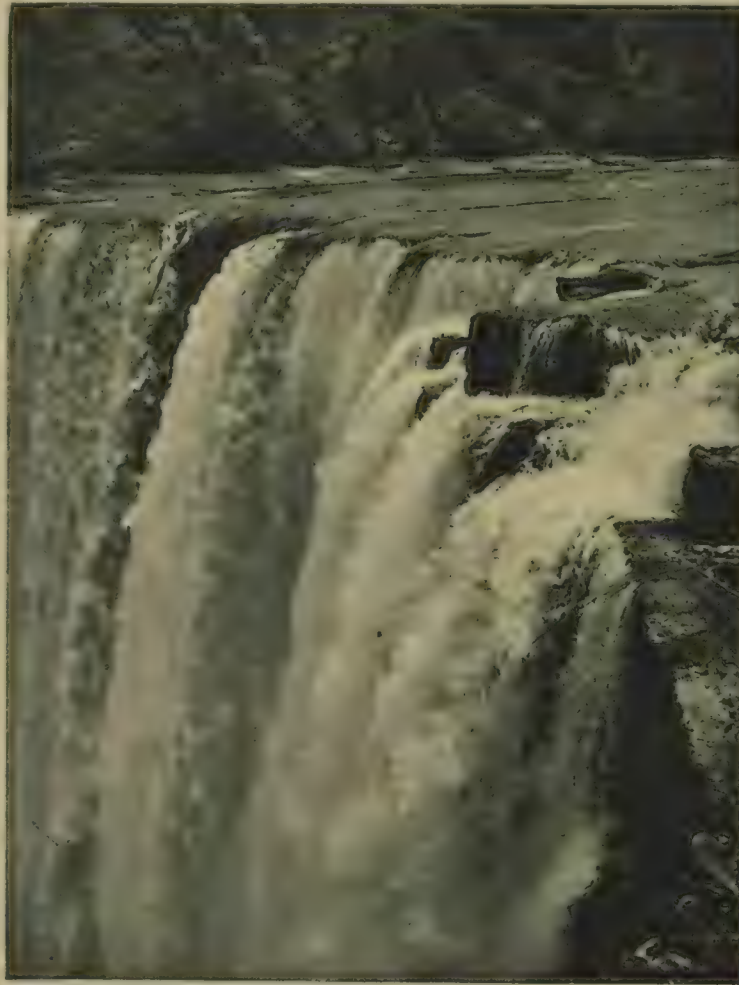
A short walk through the forest brought us to the brink of the falls, where a great, bare slab of rock juts out over the gorge. No finer grandstand from which to view this wonderful spectacle could be imagined. To the left, where the gorge broadened out, was a huge amphitheatre of rock, clothed right down to the valley floor with heavy vegetation. Immediately ahead lay the gorge up which we had so lately flown, backed by a skyline of distant mountains, while on our right, only a foot or two away, was Kaieteur itself, pouring in a heavy, thundering torrent over the lip of the escarpment to the valley, over 800 ft.

below. No handrail or other safety device marred the edge of the projecting rock on which we stood watching, in awed silence, this huge volume of sweeping, ever-moving water plunging headlong with a deafening roar into the depths of the gorge.

One of the first things that impresses the traveller is not only the majestic beauty of the scene, but the extraordinary colour of the water itself, which is a clear, sparkling, golden brown, like dark sherry, caused by the fact that the Potaro River runs for hundreds of miles through tropical forests, absorbing the colour from their rotting vegetation, as the Scottish burns run brown from the peat.

Presently, backing cautiously away—for to have slipped would have meant being swept to a terrible death—we followed a narrow path to our left which, winding through the trees, eventually led us to two rocky projections where, from across the gorge, we could see the majesty of Kaieteur in its entirety. From the farthest of these viewpoints one could discern, behind the mighty curtain of moving waters, a huge, dark recess, or cavern, this being the home of the famous Kaieteur swifts (*Streptoprocne zonaris*). So far we had not seen a sign of these birds, but as we returned to the bank of the Potaro to have our picnic lunch, a tumultuous twittering suddenly filled the air above our heads and, with a rush of dark wings, the swifts dived into the gorge and vanished from our sight. These birds, appearing from the skies to vanish beneath the falls, seemed to represent the very spirit of Kaieteur, a spirit of wild, untamed beauty which one hopes that man will never mar.

Our farewell was even more dramatic and spectacular than our first sight of Kaieteur, for the plane actually takes off over the lip of the falls. Roaring downstream, one could not suppress a certain apprehension as we so swiftly neared the brink, but, with seemingly only a few feet to spare, we rose and for a few seconds looked down at that sheer 800 ft. of tumbling waters. Blinded by clouds of spray, when next we looked Kaieteur had vanished, hidden behind its veil of mists and curving rainbows.



"ON OUR RIGHT, ONLY A FOOT OR TWO AWAY, WAS KAIETEUR ITSELF—POURING IN A HEAVY, THUNDERING TORRENT OVER THE LIP OF THE ESCARPMENT TO THE VALLEY, OVER 800 FT. BELOW."

way and that, rising at times high above the escarpment to momentarily veil the view of a wide tableland and distant mountains. This scene from the air is breath-taking in its beauty, the complete and utter

solitude of the setting, the wonderful colouring of the falling waters, added to the mighty proportions of Kaieteur itself, forming a picture of surpassing majesty and loveliness. Then as we turned and circled again, we could see below us a band of water lying dark and smooth between the lip of the fall and where the river, a little higher up, eddied and foamed amongst jutting rocks. Here the pilot evidently intended to alight. With our two little engines throttled back, the river, bordered by its crowding trees, came swiftly to meet us, till in a few seconds we were skimming low over the rocks. Snowy egrets, disturbed at their fishing, rose and flew on startled wings away over the trees, and then, with our floats tearing through the smooth surface of the river, sending great spraying sheets of water past the windows, we came at last to rest within a few feet of the bank, like some huge, aquatic bird.



"TO THE LEFT, WHERE THE GORGE BROADENED OUT, WAS A HUGE AMPHITHEATRE OF ROCK, CLOTHED RIGHT DOWN TO THE VALLEY FLOOR WITH HEAVY VEGETATION": A VIEW FROM THE BRINK OF KAIETEUR FALL, IN BRITISH GUIANA.



"WE FOLLOWED A NARROW PATH TO OUR LEFT WHICH, WINDING THROUGH THE TREES, EVENTUALLY LED US TO TWO ROCKY PROJECTIONS WHERE, FROM ACROSS THE GORGE, WE COULD SEE THE MAJESTY OF KAIETEUR IN ITS ENTIRETY."





**A MIGHTY CURTAIN OF MOVING WATERS: KAIETEUR FALL, WHICH IS NEARLY FIVE TIMES HIGHER THAN NIAGARA.**

On the facing page Mrs. Iris Darnton describes a visit to one of the marvels of British Guiana—Kaieteur Fall, on the Potaro River, a tributary of the Essequibo. This waterfall is over 800 ft. high, nearly five times the height of Niagara Falls, but is not so well known to the tourist owing to the difficulty of approaching the high escarpment, over which the waters plunge, as it is set in

the heart of the tropical forest. In 1935 we published the first aerial photograph of Kaieteur Fall, taken during a geological survey instituted in British Guiana by the Colonial Office, and now the possibility of chartering an amphibious aircraft by arrangement with British Guiana Airways will enable visitors to the Colony to see one of the highest major falls of the world in comfort.





I WAS once, in pre-war days, looking at a small, knobby object with a hole in its middle in the company of a man who was clearly moved by some great emotion, for his eye was moist, his speech otherworldly. "Have you ever," said he, "seen such truth to material, such integrity, such significance, such understanding of the essential shapes of material things?" "Yes," I answered, "I think I have—last year I dug up a potato in my garden which was very like this stone carving, only slightly less indecorous—otherwise I am inclined to agree with you." But I found I was alone, as all rude people deserve to be, and we did not continue our conversation, though I dare say the poor man, if he really had faith, ought to have wrestled further. On the other hand, he might well have argued, why waste time on so brutal a Philistine? It will be apparent from this that I am of the opinion that a wonderful amount of earnest nonsense has been and is being bombarded abroad about certain tendencies of modern sculpture and painting and that a self-conscious search for arid spatial relationships can be terribly boring to the spectator, however exciting to the practitioner. After all, the latter has all the fun of the chase and, having evolved his stone potato with the hole in it, and having satisfied himself that here is another manifestation of the divine spirit of man in its purest form, he can justifiably sit back and crow. But the poor spectator is condemned to look at the thing first and only then to have it all explained to him—which is surely the wrong way round, especially when so many of the shapes he is invited to admire seem to bear no relationship to anything he can recognise in the visible world. In short, before we are asked to look at any of these austere and complicated objects, whether they are constructions put together with bits of wire and old bootlaces, or ingeniously carved lumps of stone, let us be invited to lectures upon the higher mathematics and their influence upon the heart.

Which brings me to a less exalted but none the less mathematical proposition, Fig. 1—not the least modern, but a highly important



FIG. 2. "FAR MORE COMPETENT . . . THAN FIG. 1, BUT BANAL AND ORDINARY BY COMPARISON": A STAFFORDSHIRE MEMENTO OF THE MURDER IN THE RED BARN WHICH HORRIFIED ENGLAND IN 1827. (From the Brighton Art Gallery.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MRS. PROUDIE'S GRANDMOTHER.

By FRANK DAVIS.

product of Staffordshire in the eighteenth century (about 1740)—whereby a neat arrangement of cylinders makes a most respectable lady. I am inclined to doubt whether the rustic potter who designed this engaging piece would have derived much profit from reading many yards of twentieth-century æsthetic theory. It is more than likely he couldn't read, anyway, still less think in abstract terms. One may hazard a guess that he did not look upon his work



FIG. 1. "A BRILLIANT PORTRAIT OF A CERTAIN TYPE OF HARD-BOILED FEMALE, AGGRESSIVELY GIVEN TO GOOD WORKS, WHO, RATHER MORE THAN A CENTURY LATER, WAS DESTINED TO BE IMMORTALISED BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE IN THE PERSON OF MRS. PROUDIE": A DELIGHTFUL STAFFORDSHIRE FIGURE OF ABOUT 1740. (Crown Copyright Reserved: from the Victoria and Albert Museum.)

as epoch-making, but that he and his family guffawed vulgarly and heartily as a succession of these little glazed figures emerged triumphantly from his kiln. None the less, though we are entitled to laugh *with* him, we ought not to laugh *at* him, for this is essentially good potting, faithful to its material (oh, blessed modern jargon!) and providing the world with a brilliant portrait of a certain type of hard-boiled female, aggressively given to good works, who, rather more than a century later, was destined to be immortalised by Anthony Trollope in the person of Mrs. Proudie (the earnest spouse of the Bishop of Barchester), whose peremptory character I am enchanted to hear interpreted in the Home Service on Sunday evenings just now by Miss Gladys Young.

It is rather a fascinating speculation to sit back and wonder whether the makers of this and other simple and amusing figures actually turned them out just so because they couldn't do anything else or adopted this style deliberately though capable of a model as near to actual fact as those by Ralph Wood or other members of his family. The general opinion, I believe, favours the former hypothesis—that the things are too naïve and lively to be anything else but honest attempts at perfection. Did I say "attempts"?—but the lady is perfection, a buxom synthesis of harmonious rotundities. Imagine her enlarged a hundred times and set up on the South Bank. Cannot

you hear people of my kidney hailing her as a nonpareil of twentieth-century art, with only two or three discordant voices, croaking dyspeptically about the distressing inability of young sculptors to escape from the prejudice against pure abstractions? Note, please, I am not deriding the distinguished artists who are working out their theories in defiance of popular prejudice. Time will show whether or no they are pursuing unsubstantial phantoms. I am merely pointing out to myself that perhaps some of these theories are not really a new but a re-discovery of a primitive vision. But enough of this rustic goddess—she is immortal.

Her makers, though, went on learning, and forgot that particular magic. They built up a great industry, and later on produced figures like Fig. 2. In 1827 all England was horrified by the story of Maria Marten and William Corder: "The Murder in the Red Barn." The potters were quick to provide the public with suitable souvenirs, and here is one of them—flowered dress, colours and an air of doom. A far more competent piece of potting than Fig. 1, but banal and ordinary by comparison. I arrive at Fig. 3, knowing perfectly well that I am not playing fair, but I want a striking contrast, and these two models are about 1000 years older—Chinese, of the T'ang Dynasty. The types by now are familiar enough to more than one generation of collectors, and it is not difficult to understand the surprise and delight with which they and similar models were regarded when they were first seen in Europe. The point I want to make about them here is that they were not manufactured for the delectation of Chinese connoisseurs but were merely items of tomb furniture, turned out by the thousand as undertakers' props. They were placed in the dead man's tomb—horses and camels, and musicians and grooms and singers and attendants—so that the deceased would not lack a retinue of servants on his journey through the shades. They were made solely for burial and nothing would have astonished their makers more than the knowledge that one day in the distant future a strange race in the West would look upon them with admiration and marvel at the prodigious talent which could produce such lively and distinguished work for such a purpose.



FIG. 3. "MERELY ITEMS OF TOMB FURNITURE, TURNED OUT BY THE THOUSAND AS UNDERTAKERS' PROPS": TWO T'ANG FIGURES OF A WOMAN ATTENDANT AND A GROOM, TYPICAL OF THE MANY WHICH HAVE NOW DELIGHTED SEVERAL GENERATIONS OF MODERN CONNOISSEURS, BUT WHICH WERE MADE ABOUT A THOUSAND YEARS AGO "SOLELY FOR BURIAL."



# THE DRAMATIC PAINTINGS OF JOHN MARTIN: A SELECTION FROM A UNIQUE EXHIBITION.



"LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURE": ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING OF JOHN MARTIN'S SMALLER COMPOSITIONS. DATED 1823, AND LENT FOR THE NEWCASTLE EXHIBITION BY THE CORPORATION OF LIVERPOOL FROM THE WALKER ART GALLERY. (23½ by 35½ ins.)



"ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT, IN TRACKLESS WILD, ALONE SHE PIN'D, AND TAUGHT THE LISTENING ROCKS HER MOAN." "CLYTIE," WHICH JOHN MARTIN EXHIBITED AT THE R.A. IN 1814. LENT BY ROBERT FRANK, ESQ. (24 by 36 ins.)



TYPICAL OF JOHN MARTIN'S DRAMATIC HISTORICAL MANNER: "MARCUS CURTIUS," ILLUSTRATING THE ROMAN LEGEND, IN WHICH HE CLOSED A CHASM IN THE FORUM BY RIDING INTO IT. LENT BY SIR LEIGH ASHTON. (22½ by 32½ ins.)

The Festival of Britain is being marked at Newcastle-upon-Tyne by an exhibition at the Laing Art Gallery "recording Tyneside's Contribution to Art." The exhibition is open throughout June, July and August, and comprises a very large number of exhibits, paintings, drawings, engravings, topographical items, pottery, charters and silver; but undoubtedly the most important item from a national and wider point of view is the section devoted



"THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA": DATED 1839, AND THE PICTURE WITH WHICH JOHN MARTIN RESTORED HIS FAILING FORTUNES AFTER FINANCIAL EMBARRASSMENT, LENT BY THE TRUSTEES OF THE TATE GALLERY. (92½ by 71½ ins.)



"THE BARD": A HIGHLY DRAMATIC PICTURE, ILLUSTRATING THE WELSH WARS OF EDWARD I. AND THE SPIRIT OF GRAY'S "RUIN SEIZE THEE, RUTHLESS KING." LENT BY ROBERT FRANK, ESQ. (84 by 61 ins.)

to the Tyneside artist, John Martin (1789-1854), whose fame in the last century rivalled Turner's, but whose repute has suffered almost complete eclipse until fairly recently. Probably never before have so many of his works been gathered into one place, and this exhibition affords a unique opportunity for a new assessment. He was one of many children of Fenwick Martin, a tanner and soldier. One, William, was notorious as the "Natural Philosopher" who sold his pamphlets in the streets. Richard was a Quartermaster-sergeant in the Grenadier Guards and published a volume of poems. Jonathan set fire to York Minster; and John was the painter.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THIS is what might be called a rather morbid week altogether; and first we have a curious and brilliant study in the morbid by an old hand. For Julian Green, after an unexpected and unlucky dip into the moral fairy-tale, returns with "Moirá" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.) to his former self and claustrophobic power. Sexual frustration is the key; the method is to start on a high note, with an acute malaise, and then prolong and heighten it to torture and suffocation-point. His books are always too much of a good, or of a ghastly thing; and yet perhaps they owe their unforgettable miasma-flavour partly to sheer excess.

But though the basic theme is here as usual, it is turned upside-down, and planted in another soil. Provincial, yes—that seems to be a *sine quâ non*; but here American-provincial. The ingrown stuffiness of French small-town life gives place to the much thinner air of an American college. This change of scene, which may be disconcerting at first glance, quickly reveals itself as yet another *sine quâ non*. For Joseph Day could never have been French. He is a raw youth from the hills, completely ignorant of life, grotesquely puritan—and unaware of it, since he regards it as the normal outlook—and burning with religious zeal. And very beautiful, with milk-white skin and flaming hair. His sole design on entering this little Southern college is to learn Greek, so as to read the New Testament in the original. No other studies have the least appeal for him; and certain lines in "Romeo and Juliet," when they are explained—for he was unsuspicious of their meaning—so enrage him that he tears up the book, and plumps for Chaucer as a substitute.

This near-illiteracy would not mark him out, since his companions are on pretty much the same level. But on the other hand, they are immersed in sex. They talk of nothing else, and from the moment of arrival he is hemmed in by it. Even the boarding-house, without the students, has a reek of sin; the woman paints her face, and Joseph's room belonged to her adopted daughter, a depraved schoolgirl. And yet at first he has no sense of peril from the besieging influence. "A man must overcome his passions"—but he really has none; all this to-do about the flesh strikes him as idiotic. Up to a point, his innocence preserves itself. Yet all the time, his instincts are being roused from their "dogmatic slumber"; and once aroused, like everything about him, they are of extreme violence. At last the truth comes home, and he begins to fight himself. But it is not a fair fight; the other students have been plotting his seduction, and the end is murder.

The story has a thinner, more transparent quality than in the French novels—as though to match the thinner air, and the autumnal setting. But though less dense, it is no easier to breathe. The background, so naively realistic, so profoundly something quite other, is a surprising *tour de force*. Even the prevalence of rocking-chairs contributes to the malaise.

"A Last Sheaf," by Denton Welch (John Lehmann; 12s. 6d.), owes something of its painfulness to the external facts. It is a final gleaning from the notebooks of a young writer, cut off by chance after an illness of thirteen years. The poems, so quivering and so obsessed with death, are a direct reminder. The stories and unfinished sketches make the same point, though in a different way. Only a few pretend to be objective; the rest are memories, avowed or thinly disguised—memories of life in London as an art student, of youthful loneliness, the horror of the world, the fascination and repulsiveness of other people. The writer's sensibility is always on the *qui vive*. Contacts are much desired, but horribly precarious. Personal judgments are remorseless, yet it is insupportable and shocking to be judged back. These feelings all belong to youth, perhaps especially to young men of talent; what is disconcerting and sad is the impression of finality, of an experience which went no further. And the effect is saddening, although, or just because, the gift is so obvious.

"We Are for the Dark," by Elizabeth J. Howard and Robert Aickman (Cape; 10s. 6d.), enters the morbid through the front door. It offers half-a-dozen "ghost-stories." Not of the vulgar type; one author is an expert on "phenomena," while one at least has a romantic taste, and an acute sense of style. The jacket mentions Hoffmann, Sheridan Le Fanu and Mrs. Radcliffe as remote forbears. In our own day, perhaps, the "Seven Gothic Tales" have most affinity, though not a great deal. For one thing, other differences apart, the action here is all modern; the weird and sinister becomes an attribute of place, not time.

As in the Quiet Valley, somewhere up north, with its deserted road and its incessant trains; I think this story is the "horriddest," and in a way the best. Or that forgotten arm of a canal, which lures the boaters, and which ends—how? Or the concealed and lovely mansion, where a single window has a queer view. . . . All these are haunted, one way or another—by emanations, spectres, or obscure Beings, to which one cannot put a name. Indeed, the incidents are mostly nameless and unresolved, and leave one ultimately groping. Of course, they are intended to; but even out of this world, I like a rough idea of what has been going on. However, that may be a vulgar taste. Or, on the other hand, the authors may be young enough to think one can't be too vague.

"Ministers Too Are Mortal," by Francis Duncan (John Long; 9s. 6d.), moves in the very highest circles, with a cheerful buoyancy. Randal, the wild man of the Cabinet, was on the eve of introducing a detested Bill, and has been stabbed with a paper-knife. He was a Judas, hated by all sides; and he was staying at Charters, in a nest of his public enemies. So everyone is suspect, from the hostess Sheridan Fey, though rather in the teeth of the Prime Minister. And then, of course, Fey's girl turns out to have been on the spot. . . . Both problem and solution are, to say the least, highly-coloured; the actual treatment is more workmanlike, and the effect agreeable.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

WHEN all the remaining games of the Staunton Centenary Tournament were over, Rossolimo of Paris and Matanovic of Belgrade were still dourly battling on. Their game, which finally extended to 8½ hours and seventy moves, lifted Rossolimo into equal fifth place and gave him a respectable score.

I have published many a brilliant brevity. This time I give you a brilliant marathon.

MATANOVIC	ROSSOLIMO	MATANOVIC	ROSSOLIMO
1. P-K4	P-K4	8. P-B3	B-Kt5
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	9. P-KR3	B-R4
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	10. P-Q3	P-R3
4. B-R4	Kt-B3	11. P-Kt4	B-Kt3
5. Castles	B-K2	12. Kt-R4	Q-Q2
6. R-K1	P-QKt4	13. Q-B3	Kt-QR4
7. B-Kt3	P-Q3	14. B-B2	Kt-R2

If 14. . . Kt×KP, not 15. P×Kt? B×Kt, but

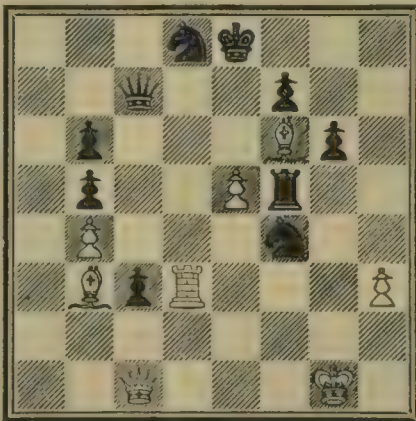
15. Kt×B first.		15. Kt-B5	B-B3
16. Kt-Q2	P-R4	16. Kt-Q2	P-R4
17. Kt-B1	P×P	17. Kt-B1	P×P
18. Q×P	Kt-B3	18. Q×P	Kt-B3
19. Kt(B1)-Kt3	Kt-B1	19. Kt(B1)-Kt3	Kt-B1

Rossolimo realised later that 24. . . Kt-B5 would have been much better, threatening both 25. . . Kt×RPch and 25. . . Kt×QP; after 25. B×Kt, P×B, Black threatens 26. . . B×P.

Within a few moves now, White sacrifices a pawn for an attack that few masters could have survived. . .

25. P-Q4	P×P	33. R-B3	Q-B3
26. P-KB4	P×P	34. R-Kt3	P-Kt3
27. P-K5	P×P	35. Kt×B	K×Kt
28. P×P	B-K2	36. B-Kt5ch	K-K1
29. R-Q1	Q-K1	37. B-B6	R-R4
30. R-B1	R-Kt3	38. Q-Q1	R-B4
31. R×R	B×Kt	39. R-Q3	Q-B2
32. Kt×B	P×R	40. Q-QB1	Kt-B5!

The game bursts into flame. White cannot take the pawn because of . . . Kt-K7ch. If 41. R×Ktch, Q×R; 42. B×Q, Kt-K7ch and 43. . . Kt×Q.



41. R-K3 Kt(Q1)-K3 42. B-B2 Kt-Q5! Again threatening to win the queen by checks on K7, White probably thought his next move, evading this menace and threatening Q-R8ch, good enough to win, but . . .

43. Q-R1 Kt(B5)-K7ch 46. B×Q Kt×Rch 44. K-Kt2 Q-Ktch 47. K-R1 R-B8ch 45. B-K4 Kt-B7 48. Q×R Kt×Q

Though the bishops have to be watched with care, Black's advanced passed pawn is a winner.

49. B-B6ch	K-B1	60. B-K8	K-K3
50. B×P	P-B7	61. K-B4	Kt-Q4ch
51. B-Kt5	Kt(B8)-Kt6ch	62. K-Kt5	Kt-B2
52. K-R2	Kt-K5	63. B-B6	K-K4
53. B-KR6ch	K-K2	64. P-R4	Kt-K3ch
54. B-Q3	P-B8(Q)	65. K-Kt4	Kt-Q5
55. B×Q	Kt×B	66. B-K8	K-K3
56. B×Kt	Kt-R7	67. K-B4	K-K2
57. P-Kt5	Kt-B6	68. K-B4	K×B
58. B-B6	K-K3	69. K×Kt	P-B3
59. K-Kt3	K×P		Resigns

original German investigations, can doubt that it was the Russians who murdered the 4000 Polish officers—the flower of the old Polish Army—and buried them in a mass grave, stamping the bodies down into one solid, horrible, "sticky, slimy mass" in the little wood of Katyn. It is not possible to detail his arguments. Suffice it that to anyone reading this book they will be wholly convincing.

Another book dealing with the war—and much less horrific—is "With Rommel in the Desert," by H. W. Schmidt (Harrap; 12s. 6d.).

Although he was on Rommel's staff and, during several of the critical engagements, the Field Marshal's A.D.C., Herr Schmidt adds little, if anything, to the familiar picture of the German commander. As a picture, however, of the desert war as seen from the other side, it is excellent, and all who served in those campaigns, which were somewhere between a mediæval cavalry engagement and a naval battle, will read it with great interest.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

PERHAPS it is an innate conservatism, or perhaps it is that I never fully recovered from the experience of finding that they used the Revised Version in my college chapel at Oxford, but the fact remains I have never been a great lover of "fancy" editions of the Bible. My Roman Catholic friends will admit that their translations—including Mgr. Ronnie Knox's fine work—however good in the Authorised Version. It is true that the old double-column heading looks sufficiently odd and old-fashioned in this day and age, but it is long since I

bothered, or had to bother, over the concordance, and even longer since I gave up wondering about those italics. The Authorised Version has always been the Bible for me. It was therefore with wary caution that I approached "The Reader's Bible." There was a hint of the new-fangled about it, even a whiff of Basic English. A glance, however, at the names of the sponsoring publishers dispelled all such doubts. For the publishers are the three so-called "Privileged Presses"—the Oxford University Press, the Cambridge University Press and Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode—which have by law a joint monopoly of the printing of the Bible and the Prayer Book. What a magnificent job they have done—and done it, too, for the incredibly modest price of 30s., the explanation being, I understand, that the paper was bought long before the present increases.

"The Reader's Bible" has two claims to distinction. It is the only one-volume paragraph edition of the complete text of the Authorised Version (including the Apocrypha) and it is the first edition of the Authorised Version ever to be published jointly by the Privileged Presses. The prefaces to the chapters are by various hands—the finest Biblical scholarship available—including those of Sir Frederick Kenyon, the Rev. C. H. Dodd (lately Regius Professor at Cambridge) and the Rev. Cyril Alington (lately Dean of Durham). Where there is prose, it is printed as prose. Where there is poetry, it is set out as such. For those who like reading the Bible aloud it is a joy, the eye following naturally the running text. I have only one small criticism (which, in the face of so much scholarship, I advance with extreme diffidence). Why treat Ecclesiastes XII. ("Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth . . .") as prose? There may be good reasons in scholarship for treating this, surely one of the most sonorous, foreboding and lovely poetic passages in the Bible as prose, and turning the whole of the first seven "verses" in the old edition down to "or the wheel broken at the cistern" into one solid paragraph, but it is not, for once, easy to the eye. However, this is but an isolated personal criticism of a book on which editors and publishers alike cannot be congratulated too warmly.

There have been few more attractive characters in our time and certainly few better-loved members of the House of Commons than the late "Jos" Wedgwood. ("Jos" was a Parliamentary corruption on which both he and his family frowned.) His daughter, Miss C. V. Wedgwood, has now produced his biography under the title of "The Last of the Radicals" (Cape; 16s.). But what a Radical! A title which would have fitted him better would be "A glorious contradiction in terms." He was born in an age of rationalism and belonged to two parties in which rationalism flourishes; yet, as he wrote, "I am a frightfully religious person. You may not have observed it, but it is ludicrously true." As a Socialist he was diffident about becoming a peer and yet his greatest hobby was genealogy—particularly his own family tree. He was a gallant soldier in South Africa and the First World War and was the first M.P. to get his L.D.V. armband; yet he belonged to a party which is instinctively pacifist. The kindest of men, he saw everything in black and white, wished to fight a duel with General Dyer over Amritsar and to see hung as high as Haman the authors of our Palestine policy during the war. (The intemperateness of his Zionism over the Struma incident was of a piece with the rest of his noble if blinkered character.) He hated Papists—being in every sense of the term the eternal Protestant. Yet his radicalism was the catholic radicalism of his friends, Belloc and Chesterton—a radicalism which to-day comes the full circle to the right. He belonged (if uneasily) to the party which, whether by accident or design, must destroy individualism. Yet he was deeply uneasy at the tendencies which were developing at the time of his death in the early days of the war and had he lived would almost certainly have found that his sympathies now lay well to the right of Mr. R. A. Butler. He was nearly always wrong—and always for the right, the human, motives. A sympathetic and attractive biography of a sympathetic and attractive character.

Typical of Wedgwood's goodhearted wrongheadedness was the fact that, like the Webbs, he was taken in by Stalin's "Constitution." (How the Kremlin must have echoed to the gusts of laughter of the Politburo—if they do laugh—at its reception by the gullible Left of the West.) Had he lived to-day his generous heart would have burned over "The Katyn Wood Murders," by Joseph Mackiewicz (Hollis and Carter; 15s.). No one reading this book by a radical journalist who was authorised by the Polish "Underground" to attend the



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(ABOVE.) ONE OF THE LIVING-TRADITION DEMONSTRATIONS IN THE EDINBURGH EXHIBITION: MRS. THANE AND MR. M. WOOD IN THE TRADITIONAL DRESS OF ABERDEENSHIRE FISHING FOLK, DEMONSTRATING MARITIME CRAFTS.



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ONE of the most interesting of the Festival of Britain exhibitions, especially from a Scottish point of view, is that entitled "Living Traditions," the Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and Crafts, staged at the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, between June 25 and September 15. In this the work produced by Scottish artists and craftsmen, now and throughout the past centuries, is exemplified, by kinds, in a very long list of exhibits.

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) MODERN SCOTTISH SCULPTURE: A MADONNA AND CHILD IN BRASS AND COPPER BY WALTER FRITCHARD. LENT FROM OUR LADY'S HIGH SCHOOL, MOTHERWELL.



TARTAN WEAVING ON A HAND-LOOM: MR. J. MACDONALD IN A LIVING DEMONSTRATION STAGED BY THE CUCHULLIN HANDLOOM CO. OF GLENALBYN, INVERNESS.



MODERN SCOTTISH WOOD-CARVING: MR. JOCK SCOTT DEMONSTRATING A LIVING BUT LONG-ESTABLISHED CRAFT IN THE EXHIBIT STAGED BY SCOTT MORTON, LTD., OF EDINBURGH.

(Continued.)

and, in addition, there are a number of living exhibits, some of which we show on this page. These are devoted to old-established Scottish crafts, in which the living tradition is still carried on; and the crafts chosen are tapestry weaving, tartan weaving, stone-carving, wood-carving, the associated crafts of the fishing industries, pillow lace and pottery. In each of these, craftsmen and craftswomen of to-day pursue and demonstrate their living craft before the visitors to the Exhibition.



MODERN SCOTTISH STONE-CARVING: ALLAN JOHNSTON, AN APPRENTICE, SHOWING HIS SKILL IN THE EXHIBIT STAGED BY CHARLES MACDONALD AND CO., OF ABERDEEN.





## July

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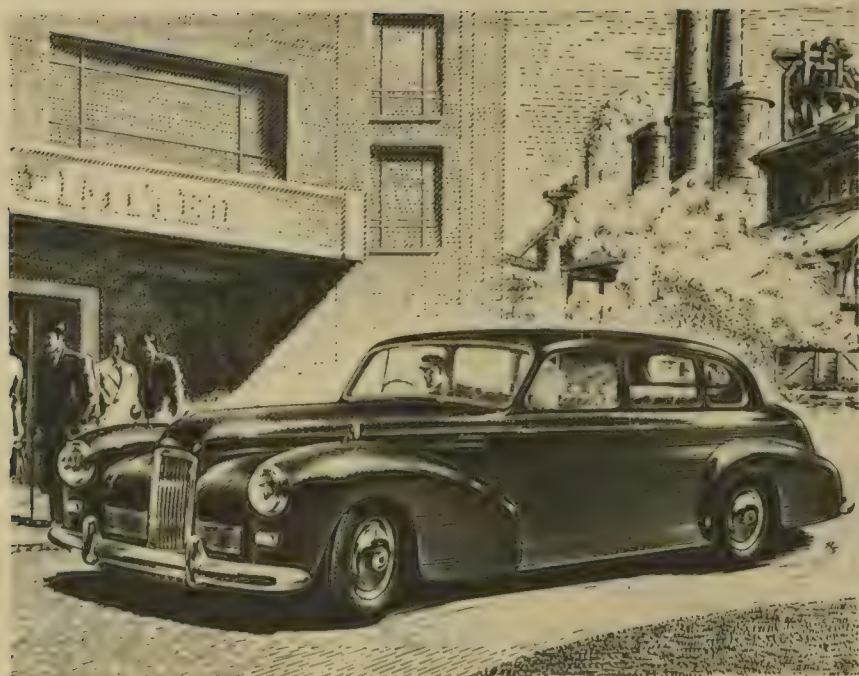
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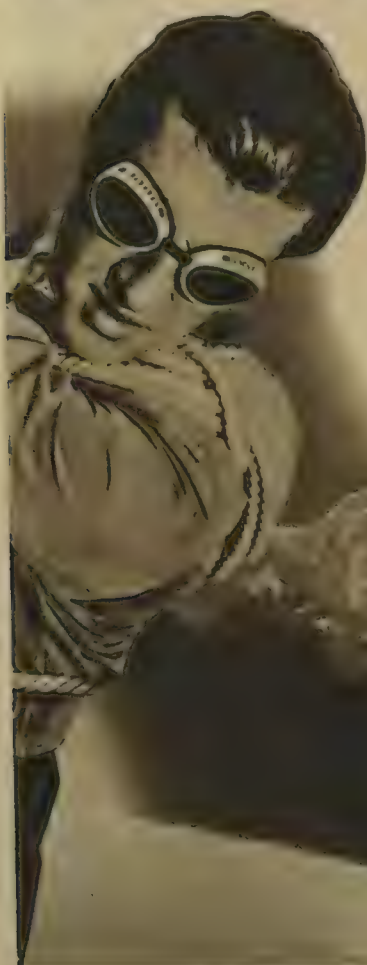
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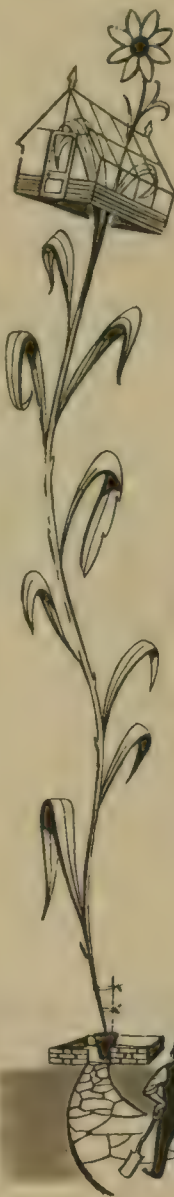
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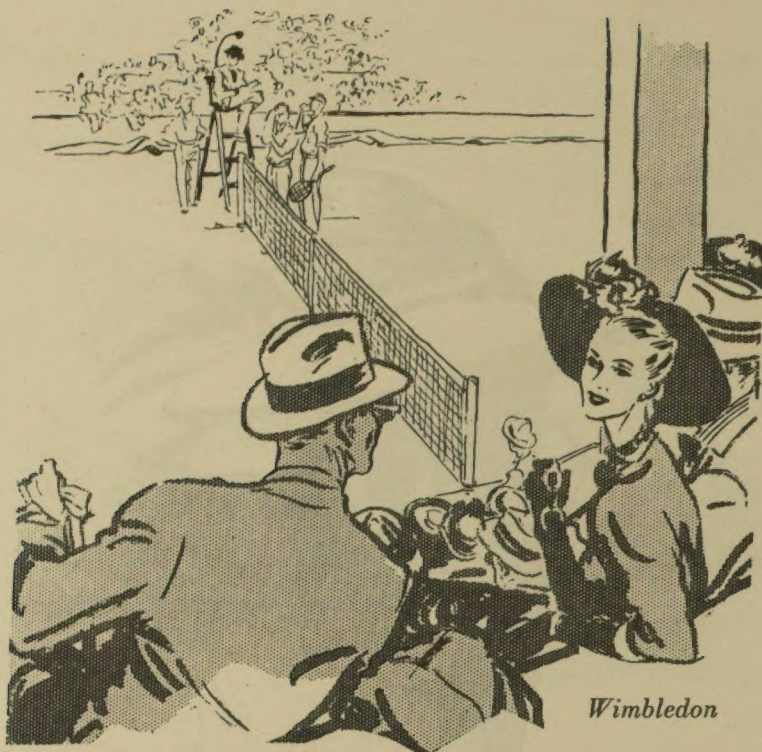
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IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

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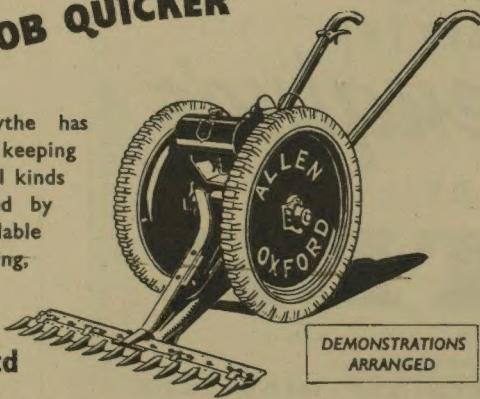
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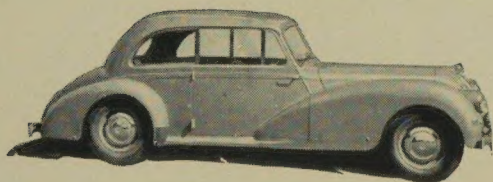


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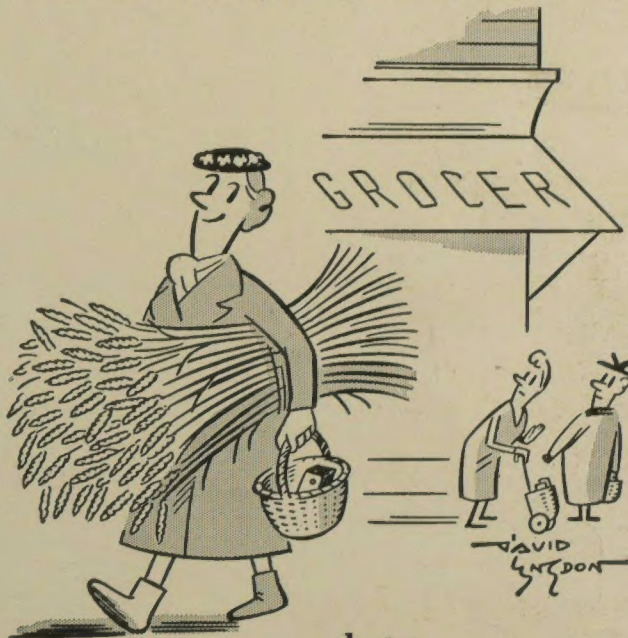
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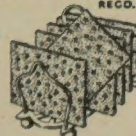
A wheatsheaf from the grocer's?



... but

# Vita-Weat

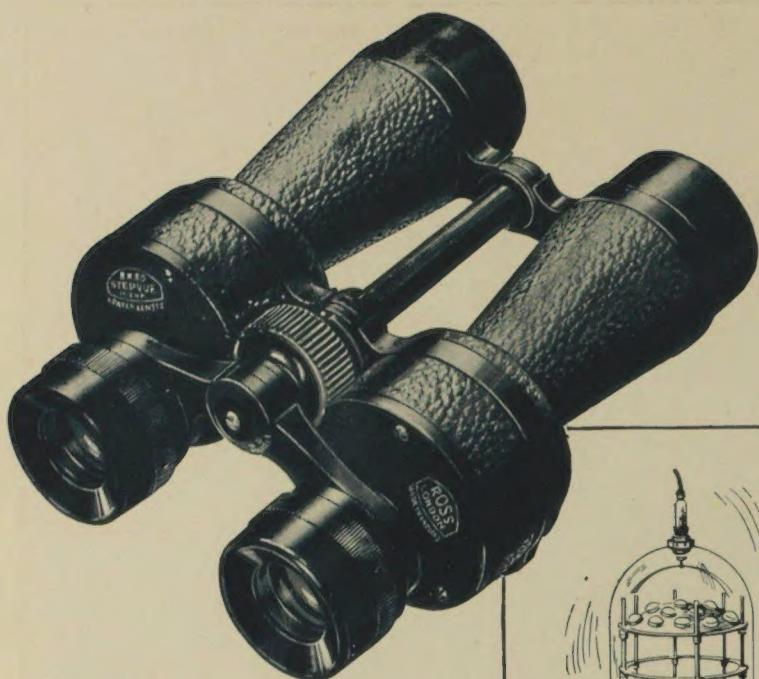
is whole-wheat goodness  
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# NOILLY PRAT

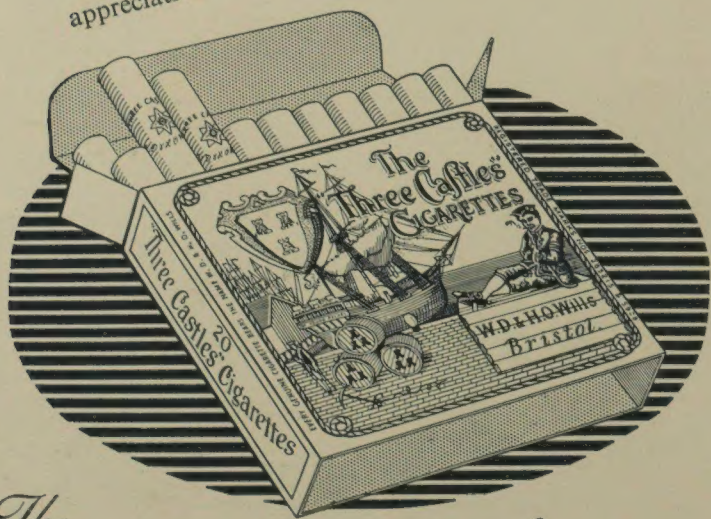
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of agreement ... her taste ... his  
preference ... unanimous in  
appreciation of a fine cigarette.



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